

Communism in Louisiana??

... p. 12

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Politics Is Life!

Dear Collective,

Have just read your last issue and would like to comment on a letter to the editors entitled "More Culture." In it, Mr. Bond states there are more "pigs" and/or "straights" than oppressed and/or turned on people. However, all these people, pigs, straights, what have you, are oppressed and manipulated in a system controlled by a handful of rich and powerful. I agree that these people ought to be reached. Space City is doing just that (and damn well too!).

In the article it was stated that Space City overlooked the fact that there was a "cultural revolution" going on. Bullshit! In the past issues I have read — I have found a hell of a lot of articles on the cultural changes taking place in our society today — i.e. new life styles, music, eating habits, religion — not to mention the growing number of underground newspapers. I could go on and on, but — — —

Next it was stated that Space City was coming on "too political". Politics does not *just* mean preening oneself for a seat in the Senate. **POLITICS IS LIFE!**

Everyone is involved — most are getting screwed. When the shit's coming down, not everyone can come away smelling like a rose.

Thank god there are brothers and sisters getting together everywhere and giving voice to what's going on. What's being said is not only relevant but vital in bringing us together.

Yours in Peace and Revolution,
N. Wolf
Cleveland, Ohio
(just passin' through)

Vulgar Dirt

Dear Space City,

I just received this copy of S.C. (Vol. 1). I know that it's not exactly a recent issue, but where I live it's hard to get one at all.

Well, I turned the page and found that dirty letter written by Pete Cerdito. And I disagree with him entirely. Dirt is not groovy. And a lot more than dirt made the Beatles famous.

His message to Pat wasn't exactly good advice either. Dirt and garbage causes disease. Sure she won't be uptight about housework. But she might be uptight about the doctor bill caused by all the dirt garbage. Rats might come and visit her happy little household, and roaches, and flies.

If you want to start a dirt revolution you have to have an enemy. I volunteer.

Dirt may be black, but it isn't sexy. When sex has anything to do with dirt it is vulgar.

Vulgar sex causes diseases too. (Betcha didn't know that.)

Vicke
Humble, Texas

P.S. If you dig garbage you are a pig.

Hip Bigotry

Dear Space City,

Even though I've barely had a chance to wave goodbye to my age of puberty, I am becoming increasingly more skeptical of my peers.

"But you're wrong," I'm told. This is the Age of Aquarius, three days of peace, love and music," and blah, blah, blah. . . "Hypocrisy is banished from youthful souls."

Is it really? Many free-thinking people I know deplore a bigot who sneers, "Nigger" as he passes a black man on the street. I can't count how many times I've seen self-respecting freaks utter "Pig!" each time they catch a glimpse of a blue uniform.

On a more familiar level, how many times have we bare-toed, bell-bottom-breeched people regarded someone conservatively dressed with disdain, labelling him a "straight" as if it were a most derogatory epithet?

Of course it is easier to classify people in general categories and refer to them that way, rather than dealing with people according to their individual merits. But unless hypocrisy, especially of the sort which creates gaps among groups of Americans, is at least palliated, the America of the future will too closely resemble the America of today, regardless of any outward appearance of revolution. Bigotry under the guise of liberation is not progress.

Victoria Josephine
Houston

Smoke - in now!

Dear Space City,

This letter is a response to the letter "Off Dope" in the June 20-July 3 issue. I think that "Scorpio" is a dreamer. If he doesn't dig weed, that's fine, but why knock someone else for digging it? Both my parents were chronic alcoholics, is this some of the "infinite pleasures" he was referring to? Maybe we all can't be as fortunate

RICHARD C. AMES
5051 WESTHEIMER, SUITE 580
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77027

June 29, 1970

The Editor
Space City
1217 Wichita
Houston, Texas

Gentlemen:

As co-producer of last Thursday's Traffic show, I can only ask a question of Houston's hip audiences which for awhile seemed to be becoming more appreciative and respected than those of most parts of the country.

Where has all the peace, brotherhood love and respect for personal rights gone that used to be a part of what was once a very pure and noble cause on your part?

Has the majority turned it into the hatred, violence, cussing, shouting, rock throwing and antagonist mob rule that I personally witnessed at the front entrance to last Thursday's Traffic concert? Or was that a distinct minority of younger kids who really lack any sense of purpose or direction?

Whatever it was it was sad to see a total breakdown of the peaceful nature we try to create at our concerts, and what makes it sad is that it only hurts everyone in the long run and serves no useful purpose, movement or any logical course that can be conceived of by anyone.

It now appears there will be no more rock concerts at Hofheinz Pavilion as a result of that evenings numerous melee's and I would think the city will also move to put even more restrictions on rock concerts held in the coliseum or Music Hall. And while it hurts a concert promotor like myself, I have to once go along with their reasoning that things have finally gone too far.

So again we have a minority of real misfits who practice the abusing of everyone's rights as though it were a special privilege of theirs, now threatening an end to an enjoyable evening at a rock concert for a majority of Houston's hip audience.

I can only suggest that those of you who still believe in a peaceful and purposeful movement had best now assert the feelings of the majority before the rowdy and destructive ones among you leave you with nothing but dismay, dissolutionment and bitterness.

Very truly yours,

Richard C. Ames

Richard C. Ames

RCA:tlm



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Traffic Jam at Hayes Pavillion

UP AGAINST THE WALL CULTURE VULTURES!

by Dennis Fitzgerald

Traffic tickets were selling for \$6.50 a head at Hayes (nee Hofheinz) Pavillion last Thursday night. And a lot of people were translating their indignation into action: a message for local promoters.

University of Houston Security Chief Larry (Fuzz) Foltz was shaking his head the next morning, assaying a formidable stack of "Please Call" notes. He predicted that Traffic would be the beginning of the end for Hayes Pavillion concerts (Creedence is still scheduled for that location later this month).

When I arrived 30 minutes early, bundle of Space City's under my arm, a crowd of several thousand was milling around in front, waiting for the doors to open. The scene was low key, stoned, meeting friends unmet since the last concert.

Shortly after 8 p.m. they began letting in ticket holders. Almost immediately you could see this wasn't going to be a concert like other concerts. There are always a few penniless malcontents hassling to get in free. But this night there were more than a few and they were being uncommonly aggressive. One source of anger was that there were no low-priced tickets being sold, \$6.50 seats only.

Within a half hour the lines had formed. The doors were shut and locked. Outside a thousand people (of whom maybe a tenth had tickets) were pushing and chanting, demanding to be let in.

It was often like the spirit generated by a hard fought football game. The people were digging on each other and on this sudden solidarity. It was fun. The cause was clearly just: all the money that was to be made had already been made; inside there were still many empty seats; and outside there were people who wanted in. But such logic runs counter to a promoter's ethic, so the doors had to be defended.

It worked like this. A couple of sympathetic ticket-holders would squeeze to the front, flashing their

purchased legitimacy through the glass doors to the cops inside. A door would be cracked open to admit the fortunate pair. Instantly a tug of war would ensue, the crowd attempting to hold the door and rush through the breach, the cops attempting to repel the invaders.

Maybe that makes it sound too casual. It wasn't. There was more than a few scuffles — there was some hard fighting done to crash those doors.

One incident: a door was opened for a ticket-holder, who entered walking, then turned back quickly and opened suddenly three, four doors. The crowd surged forward. Hundreds of bodies pushing. Forcing their collective weight against the bodies before them. The people in front twisting, swinging at the cops, while dozens of other people

poured in around them.

Just when it seemed that the cops couldn't hold back the crowd any longer, a dozen reinforcements arrived and regained control of the doors. (The concentration of force on those few doors was at the same time an advantage and the decisive handicap: a limited objective easily won and easily lost.)

The people would have won anyway, but for the mace. At least twice (once to my very personal knowledge) the cops used mace on the crowd. That cooled it quick. Everyone fell back, eyes and noses burning, kicking at the apparently unbreakable

continued on 22

Grace Slick — & others — about doing it

Shortly before crashing Tricia Nixon's party for Finch College alumni, Abbie and Anita Hoffman rapped with Grace Slick and Paul Kantner of Jefferson Airplane. The following is part of the much longer conversation printed recently in the East Village Other, and has some relation to our current situation. . . yes?!

Anita: When you travel around the country each year, can you tell, just from the audiences, how the country is changing?

Paul: Oh sure.

Grace: You can tell just from the headlines.

Paul: All these weird little colleges we play in have helmeted crazies. Really good old revolutionary crazies. . .

Grace: Climbing over fences and climbing onto cops and screaming at 'em and shit.

Paul: At Amherst, sixteen hundred crazies broke in. . .

Grace: . . . to hear the concert free.

Paul: There were chicks letting them into the bathroom. They had a ladder and they climbed up into the chick's bathroom. They broke one window, is all, and the cops got uptight. As though there was going to be a riot. SDS, Weathermen, all breaking in, tear down the walls, up against the wall, and all

this shit. They were breaking in and were just stoned, dancing and having a really good time.

Grace: Three or four years ago if there was any hassle there would immediately be cops doing their thing, rushing out and taking care of whatever scene it was. And everybody'd go 'like cool it' and go back.

Paul: Now they fight.

Grace: At the last concert we did there were two cops standing over by the speaker system, hiding behind the speaker system 'cause they were scared. That's why they were back there. It was very far out. All the kids pointing at them saying "Hey, look at those pigs over there. Go say hello to those pigs. Man, look at 'em over there." So I went creeping over by the amplifier, crept up around one of 'em and waved at 'em like that. And the kids were laughing saying, 'Get 'em out of here. Pigs,' and guys were throwing shit. It was incredible. Just amazing.

Abbie: What's the age of the audience? Does it change?

Grace: Mostly early twenties, I'd say.

Anita: We.. they're at colleges, mostly. Is the audience wilder at colleges, or at Fillmore type places?

Grace: Not really. 'Cause Boston was pretty goofy and that was a public thing. It was an auditorium.

Paul: Acid freaks always. It's getting back to that it seems. A lot of places we've played that happens. And, uh, Baltimore. Even Baltimore just freaked

out. Not necessarily because of our music out front. I mean they were freaked out when they got there. Just all those bizarre happy freaks dancing there, jumping up and down, before the show even got on. John Hammond, do you know him? A guitar player from New York. He was playing acoustic guitar and even for the first act, just one guy playing acoustic guitar — the kids were up jumping in the aisle. You know how they do at Stones con-

certs? Just filling up all the aisles, all the empty space. And the cops tried to stop the show, to get them back. So they stopped the show for twenty minutes and they couldn't get 'em to move back. And they didn't know what to do, so we started the show again and the kids just danced and freaked out. They didn't do any real damage cause nobody hassled them.

Grace: The cops are really afraid of microphones. If you stick a microphone in front of their face perspiration comes out immediately. They'll come up to you and say 'Hey listen, you can't play anymore' and you just say 'Oh, you want to tell the audience that?' They shade and perspire and get fat around the collar and everything.

Paul: It's fun to play with the police in that situation.

Grace: (laughs)

PEOPLE UPTIGHT ABOUT POLLUTION

by Kenny Zapp

Due to a 1967 Federal Law, the State Air Control Board on June 23 held an open hearing in Houston on its proposed air quality standards for the 8 county air control region. Chairman Dr. Arthur McKee revealed his view of the participatory aspects of

environmental control when earlier he told a HEP (Help Eliminate Pollution) researcher that the hearing was only a formality.

Arrangements for the meeting echoed McKee's statement. The Board failed to give 60 days notice as it promised. Its location was in southwest

Houston, away from the most polluted areas of the region. The meeting room and parking facilities were grossly inadequate. Over 1,000 persons crammed into an auditorium designed for half that number. Many more were turned away. Board members, the decision makers, were absent; two staff members ran the show.



WRO sisters perform guerrilla theater on food stamp distribution at the recent Welfare Rights Day held at the Northside People's Center. Other activities included speakers and a dinner to raise money to send one of the sisters to a National Welfare Rights Organization convention in Pittsburgh. Photo by Lillian Caruana.

Tenneco Boycott Planned

Union Grapes Arrive

DELANO, Calif. (LNS) — Union-picked grapes have begun arriving in New York, San Francisco and other cities. At the same time, boycott activity in support of California's farm workers is on the upsurge.

The union grapes, representing the four percent of California growers who have signed contracts with UFWOC (United Farm Workers Organizing Committee) are shipped in boxes clearly marked with the UFWOC union label, a black Aztec eagle and red flag. Consumers are asked to look carefully for this label.

Meanwhile, UFWOC leader Cesar Chavez has announced that the farm workers are planning a world-wide strike and boycott of the Tenneco Corp. This \$4 billion giant has its tentacles in chemicals, oil, packing plants, construction, manufacturing, pipelines, real estate and farming all over the world, with its home office in Houston.

Tenneco extracts oil from South America, Australia, Nigeria and parts of Southeast Asia. Their assets of \$4.054 billion placed the company 17th among the nation's 500 largest industrial corporations in 1969. Tenneco also received \$237 million in Defense Dept. contracts last year, ranking them 30th of the top 50 war profiteers.

Tenneco, in addition to its multi-national interests, has a particular interest in stopping the farm workers' organizing drive in California. It is the parent company of the Kern County Land Co. (KCL) and the Haggblade-Marguleas grape growing and marketing operation. KCL has more than 113,000 acres in crop production in the Central Valley, and Haggblade-Marguleas has considerable farm holdings in the Coachella Valley. Tenneco put pressure on the farmers in the San Joaquin and Coachella Valleys to prevent their signing contracts with the farm workers' union.

Now, with the new mammoth corporation involved, the California grape boycott is about to become international in scope. Help farmworkers to win their battle for bargaining power and a just wage. Don't buy J.I. Case farm machinery or Walker automotive parts (both owned by Tenneco subsidiaries). Let Tenneco Chairman Gardiner Symonds know what you think about the grape boycott — call him at 622-1500 or write him at 3359 Chevy Chase, Houston 77019.

BOYCOTT TENNECO



The Board's underestimation of public interest revealed a lack of understanding of our needs; a lack of the sense of urgency we feel. Hundreds of people, rich and poor, young and old, all colors, presented a united front: OUR AIR IS FILTHY AND THE PROPOSED STANDARDS ARE TOO LENIENT OR AMBIGUOUS.

While the hearing dealt specifically with ambient (air we breathe) quality standards for suspended particulates, sulfur dioxide, hydrogen sulfide, and sulfuric acid, testifiers supported changes pertaining to all pollutants: *Margin of Safety* — set goals significantly below levels at which health and material damage is found. Err for the people, not factories.

Antidegradation — maintain air quality in areas of region presently cleaner than approved air quality standards. *No Land Use Differentiation* — the State's proposed four land use types, with more pollution allowed in "industrial" and "commercial" areas, were deemed unacceptable and unenforceable. Working people living near factories should not be punished by air dirtier than the air in River Oaks. *Frequent Review of Air Quality* — present yearly review (actually 18 months late) is inadequate. Weekly or monthly reviews are necessary to guarantee air quality. When quality is not maintained at one monitoring station, a new hearing in that area should be called to set stricter emission standards.

Burden of Proof — no person or organization has the right to pollute our air, land or water. When we allow someone to pollute, he, she, or it should first prove that the emission is not damaging to life.

Timing — a specific deadline is needed after which no additional variances should be issued.

Implementation — another hearing this year is necessary to allow public testimony on the enforcement plan.

The strictest standards suggested by the audience were proposed by HEP; suspended particulate and sulfur dioxide annual mean levels 25% and 65% lower respectively than the state levels. No industrialists made public presentation, although several did submit written testimony. For instance, the J.M. Huber Company of Baytown politely threatened not to invest any more capital in its plant if the proposed sulfur dioxide standards were approved. Earthworks suggested that in the future, all testimony be accepted only if an oral presentation is made.

Was the hearing a success? The quality and quantity of the public's efforts were laudable. The responses of the Air Quality Board will in the end define whether the people participated in the decision — making process or played the power structure's game. We should get the State's report in about two months. Failure of the Board to incorporate public needs in its plans will cause many to adopt new tactics.

Charles Freeman, Floyd Douglas, Trazawell Franklin, Jr., Douglas Wayne Waller and John Parker, members of the TSU 5, had charges of intent to murder a Houston policeman dismissed against them by District Judge Joe E. Kelly of Victoria.

Judge Kelly ordered the charges dropped after Criminal District Attorney William C. Sparks of Victoria and District Attorney Caro Vance of Houston asked for the dismissal because of a lack of sufficient evidence.

Freeman was the only member of the TSU 5 ever tried. He was tried in 1968, after the case had been moved on a change of venue to Victoria. His trial ended with a hung jury.

The five were charged with shooting Robert G. Braylock, a Houston policeman in the May 16, 1967 disturbance on the TSU campus. The incident also resulted in the death of Louis R. Kuba, a Houston policeman. Property of TSU students was destroyed by the rampaging law men and hundreds of TSU students were arrested and handled unjustly by Houston policemen during what many considered to be an invasion of the campus by police.

The five were also charged with Kuba's death. However, they have never been tried on the charges.

The VOICE OF HOPE

CHARGES DROPPED AGAINST TSU 5

MAYO Puts Jack In A Box

The Mexican-American Youth Organization has once more put substance into the rhetoric, Serve The People. MAYO, fresh from its recent garbage triumph (MAYO pressured the city into collecting heavy trash on the Northside that had been ignored for two months — see Space City, vol 2, no 2) has won another victory for the Mexican-American people.

The scene of the recent struggle was Jack-In-The-Box no. 605 at 1902 N. Main. On June 21, Pete Navarro, a former MAYO activist, visited the friendly neighborhood "Drive-thru" to pick up on a hamburger. The loudspeaker set-up was broken; Pete and the guy inside couldn't hear each other. There was a misunderstanding, tempers flared, obscenities flew and Pete announced he didn't want his Jack-burger after all. The other fellow, who turned out to be manager Mark Twainer, ran out, pulled a gun, threw Pete against the wall and called the pigs.

Charges were filed against Navarro but they were later dropped. However, Pete ended up spending three days in jail anyway, because of some previous traffic tickets.

Friday night, June 26, at 9:00 p.m., a MAYO picket line appeared in front of Jack-In-The-Box. And, according to MAYO spokeswoman Yolanda Birdwell, the boycott was close to 100% effective while MAYO was there. The scene was repeated at midnight, a normally busy time for old Jack, and once again almost all the cars respected the MAYO picket line.

MAYO returned at noon Saturday and had already talked several Chicanos out of Jack soybean burgers, when out rushed franchise owner Lynn Carey. "I'm Innocent!" he pled. "I was out of town. I didn't know what was happening." (Also, his business was hurting.) "I'll let Twainer go, if you'll stop picketing."

The MAYO leaders told Carey that they'd call off the boycott if he would fire Twainer and, in addition, hire two Chicano employees. (There were no Chicanos working at Jack-In-The-Box no. 605, despite the fact it is in a predominately Mexican-American area.) Carey agreed, despite his reluctance to hire Chicanos ("They always go to dances and drink and don't like to work hard.")

As we were going to press, we called Jack-In-The-Box and asked for Mark Twainer. "He doesn't work here any longer," we were told. And, according to Walter Birdwell of MAYO, one Chicano has been tentatively promised employment and is now filling out his application forms.

The Mexican American Youth Organization has again proved itself a force to be reckoned with — winning another victory for the people.

— Thorne

JACK IN THE BOX

insured
quality
hamburger



Photo by Cam Duncan.

Operation Breadbasket

Operation Breadbasket is presently promoting a boycott of the Hillman Distributing Co., which locally distributes Schlitz Beer. The basic purpose of Breadbasket is to exert economic pressure in order to return the black dollar to the black community.

The black organization is initiating a campaign of selective buying by approaching merchants and dwellers in Houston's black community and suggesting that they refrain from buying Schlitz Beer.

The boycott was initiated because of the Hillman Distributing Co.'s "plantation attitude" toward negotiations with Operation Breadbasket. Breadbasket has been attempting to meet with local companies in an effort to steer black patronage to black businesses and black professional people, and companies which employ a significant number of blacks.

As a result of the boycott, Schlitz Beer sales are down more than 40%.

Now Operation Breadbasket is involved in negotiations with the Coca Cola Co., Borden's Milk, Pearl Beer and Sunbeam Bread. Discussions have been successful so far, but could be facilitated if interested people would write letters to the four firms emphasizing their support of Operation Breadbasket, as well as supporting the Schlitz boycott.

A tentative agreement between Operation Breadbasket and Schlitz was reached two weeks ago, but then withdrawn after charges that Hillman's attorney had called Breadbasket's local director, Pluria Marshall, "an idiot," and said he didn't "give a damn about Operation Breadbasket." Breadbasket has refused to call off the boycott until a public apology is made by the Hillman Co.

Kelton Sams, an official of Breadbasket, explained the importance of the apology in *The Voice of Hope* newspaper: "The apology is just as important as everything else. We have

been degraded too long. . . . Blacks buy 78 percent of the Schlitz in this area. Yet, they are considered nobodies by Hillman Distributors.

Sams added, "Personally, I'm glad they didn't make the apology, because we have been enlightened to things they lied to us about. Officials of the company told us they had 11 black assistant truck drivers. We have found out personally from the truck drivers that only four are black. . . . The Hillman Distributors have only one black truck driver out of 31 drivers. Yes, the campaign is still on."

Headquarters for Operation Breadbasket are located at 2413 Dowling, and the phone number is 747-5249. Any assistance and support would be welcomed.

A food co-op for 500 families is another Operation Breadbasket project in the making.

Kelton Sams, spokesman for Breadbasket, said that the first co-op will be established in the Third Ward area, with other stores being set up in other parts of the city later.

PEOPLE'S PARTY II

PEOPLE'S PARTY II
COMMUNITY INFORMATION CENTER



People's Party II, a revolutionary black organization, is opening a people's community center at Dowling and Tuam, near Emancipation Park.

The center will serve as a headquarters for various People's Party II community programs, including the community control of police campaign. The center will also function as a daily information clearing house for people in the black community.

See the next issue of Space City! for a more detailed explanation of the People's Party II Community Center.

madame bell

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Indians Take It Back

By Robbed-Bird

(Editor's note: Recently, a court awarded California Indians 47 cents on the acre for land fraudulently taken from them in the 1800's. The Pit River Tribe refused the settlement and with other native Americans attempted to take back their land. Robbed-Bird, one of the Indians who took part in the action, wrote the following first-hand account for Liberation News Service.)

REDDING, Calif. (LNS) — It started with Indian brothers and sisters arriving days earlier from all over the country, kind of just hanging out and scouting the land, the situation, each other. The tom-tom grapevine had sounded and those whose ears were ready responded.

The Pit River Tribe, supported by Indian brothers and sisters from tribes all over North America, had decided to reoccupy 3.2 million acres of ancestral land which is legally, morally and rightfully theirs.

The grapevine had said that Lassen Volcanic National Park would be the place of confrontation but further investigation found an alternative site that would bring out even more issues — land held by Pacific Gas and Electric, the power company, despised by many on the West Coast. PG&E has established huge land holdings — 52,000 acres and assets of 320 million dollars in Shasta County alone!!!

PG&E Fat Cats

All this time, while these corporations have grown powerful and vastly rich off exploitation of Indian resources, the Pit River Tribe has had to stand back powerless and witness the beauty of the land destroyed and their once proud way of life and culture reduced to the lowest poverty and humiliation in America.

Outside the Alaskan lands claims case, this is the first time that I know of a huge corporation being challenged by small people. To give you an example of what we're up against, I can give you a breakdown of the PG&E Board of Directors.

Fifteen directors sit on the PG&E board. These 15 directors in turn represent 87 other companies. Example: director Whatt Hass is also chairman of Levi-Straus. Director Emitt Solomon sits on the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph board of directors and is also vice-president of Stanford Research Institute, which accepts heavy government defense contracts to do research on weapons, chemical warfare, counter-insurgency, riot-control tactics, everything.

Here's a heavy one: director Charles Britterville is president of Bank of California. He is also director of Shell Oil Co., Safeway Stores, and Western Union. And the biggest swindler of all, Russell Giffen, the overall director of PG&E, is the largest recipient of U.S. farm subsidies — \$2,777,000 a year.

So our caravan of cars starts down through the forest night, a good night, stars super bright. We leave what is by now the diversionary site of attack — Lassen National Park — and the stunned and dumbfounded cops behind. Our 3/4-mile caravan, a rattlesnake in the countryside of pine and cedar forests, slithers 80 miles to Big Bend, where we reach a PG&E campsite with a swimming pool and cabins equipped with refrigerator stoves, dishes, three or four bedrooms in every one! Running water! An indoor toilet! So the Indians are finally going to taste how the other side lives! Sounds of "Ohh!" "Ahh!" "Too much!" and "Far out!" ring in the early morning air.

Some heat had followed but they kept their distance as huge bonfires were made on a field. There is a strange feeling in the air, no one knowing if the pigs will come down in a while or not. Many people standing around the fires as Mickey, Tribal Council Chairman, reads the Proclamation to everyone. The heaviness of the act slowly becomes apparent to everyone, when one of the councilmen of the tribe stands before the fire and speaks to the people:

"Don't feel you're a stranger here. This is your land. This is my land. This is Indian country. My



Pit River Tribe brothers in the Shasta County jail.

Photo by R. Giuseppi Slater/LNS.

ancestors lived here. The Great Spirit planted them here just like he did the oak trees and the water. Feel welcome. Let your spirit be free!"

Security had been set up around the area. At about 4:30 in the morning, the people, tired from the long ride in the cars, slowly go their way to bed down for the night. Some under trees in the field, some by the fires, others in the cabins. Morning sun later brings us a new day.

Many people were in one cabin busy over stoves, preparing breakfast for everyone. Some came from the Hog Farm — helping out, learning beadwork and the life of American Indians.

For the past week the temperatures have been very hot — in the 100's usually — and this day is no exception. So our activities center around sleeping and jumping in the swimming pool. Many go down the Pit River swimming by a 100-foot waterfall of mountain water. Just enjoying the land and themselves, each other. Towards dusk young Indian boys come home from the river with catches of trout. Dinner. Everyone fed. Around the campfires to hear ancient songs backed by a large tom-tom drum. Some people dance around the fire while others play in the swimming pool all night or just go visiting cabin-to-cabin talking about direction or just plain talking.

One thing everyone's talking about is the impending arrests to be made tomorrow — for early during the day the cops came just to warn us that we were trespassing and would like us to leave by that evening.

Cops Are Here!

Next morning early a boy explodes into my cabin to yell, "The cops are here!" OK. Back to sleep we all go. It's 5 a.m., an unruly hour for a confrontation. But a half hour later for some reason we all jump out of bed and get our things in order and proceed outside to see what's up. Sure enough, coming out towards the field are about 86 riot-helmeted sheriffs. . . in the background FBI, detectives, marshalls, Highway Patrol. Busting people one by one. No rough handling and everyone calmly "business as usual" attitude as they are asked to leave. We respond by asking the heat to leave, point out that they're on Indian land.

So the children are put into the Hogfarm bus and the women with too many children and responsibilities split; about 38 of us get busted, taken 60 miles to Redding jail. Mugged and booked.

Jail is like any other jail — shit food, sick institutional green and cream colors. But we all have a

good time joking. Buffy St. Marie outside serenading us with spontaneous songs. From outside comes word that all kinds of support have started to roll in. Chicago brothers and sisters have sent much bail. New York caravan on the way. Oklahoma caravan on the way.

Some woman willing to put up \$12,000. So the women are bailed out first, then the tribal council and Richard Oakes, a Mohawk Indian who came up from Alcatraz. Nineteen of us stay in till court on Monday.

A slapstick comedy setting in court, something like the Chicago 8 trial with Judge Hoffman, D.A. and all. We have great lawyer Aubrey Grossman make a motion to dismiss charges; motion to acquit, demur; motion to establish the unconstitutionality of the prosecution; motion to prosecute Pacific Gas & Electric for trespassing.

D.A. says he's unprepared to challenge the defense motions. Court date set for June 29, 1970. Everybody out on "own recognizance" without ever having to plead "guilty or not guilty." The speeches that have been prepared in jail are torn up. While we were in court, eight more busts made at the campsite.

That same night we all go back up to reoccupy the site. Playing cat-and-mouse games with the cops. We turn four cars in one direction and switch on the high beams to blind the cops. They readjust their positions and switch theirs on us. At this point I split down to San Francisco to spread the word.

The Tribal Council says that if you're into helping, you can help:

1. Indian brothers and sisters can come to Pit River country to help us reclaim our land. When you get to Redding, Calif., call Mildred Rhoades at (916) 241-7631 days or (916) 246-2834 nights for information and directions.

2. We would like to hear from all organizations that support our struggle. Send us a message to the Pit River Tribal Council, Hat Creek Vista House, Hat Creek, Calif. 96040.

3. Send or bring supplies to us. We need food, cooking utensils, and lots of equipment to enable us to occupy and reclaim the land. Call Mildred Rhoades for information on where to deliver it.

4. There is a lot of work to be done — office help, community work, research. We need all the support we can get, so come and work with us or help us where you are if you can't come.

OUR STRUGGLE WILL GO ON SO LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW, SUN WILL SHINE, AND RIVERS FLOW TO THE SEA!

New Haven Panther Trial Begins

by John Bancroft

Lonnie McClucas, head of Connecticut Black Panthers, is the first of the New Haven 9 to go on trial for the murder of Alex Rackley. The police say Rackley was an informer who the Panthers, including National Chairman Bobby Seale, murdered. The Panthers claim that Rackley was a revolutionary murdered by police agents, including George Sams, who then tried to pin the murder on the New Haven 9. The State is now trying to break up the Nine by trying them separately.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. (LNS) — As jury selection began in the New Haven trial of Lonnie McClucas, hundreds of people demonstrated outside the courthouse. They chanted "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, the New Haven Nine Are Gonna Win," and carried "Free Lonnie" posters.

Judge Harold Mulvey opened the proceedings by expelling attorneys David Rosen and Catherine Roraback from the defense table. "I will not allow them to sit at the defense table," he said. "If they want to be here, they can sit in back with the spectators." Rosen and Roraback are the lawyers for Bobby Seale, Erika Huggins, Rose Smith, and Frances Carter. Their absence from the defense table will further hamper the efforts of the New Haven 9 to conduct a joint defense.

Nicholas Coscia, an Italian electrician who had already been accepted as a juror, stunned the courtroom when he reentered the witness box and asked to be excused from the jury. Reading from a statement he had written out "because I could never get through this otherwise," he started, "I think

Lonnie should be tried by an all-colored jury." He made it clear that he didn't think Lonnie could get a fair shake from the court. Looking straight at Lonnie, who was leaning forward to listen, Coscia ended his statement: "All I can say at this point, Lonnie, is good luck and God helo you."

State's Attorney Arnold Markle, on the first day, began a statement, "I won't ask for the death penalty for McClucas, for reasons of my own..." But Judge Mulvey cut him off, reminded him that it was up to the jury to decide the penalty and declared that McClucas would be subject to the death penalty even if the state did not ask for it.

These events add up to one thing: the state, even though it has all the power and rules on its side, is still having trouble putting away the New Haven 9. As a result, Mulvey and Markle have stepped up their use of coercive and unconstitutional courtroom tricks.

Although Markle never got to explain why he would not ask for the death penalty, the reason seems clear: the State hopes to cool off New Haven 9 supporters by making it look like Lonnie has already been saved from the electric chair.

In this case, Lonnie faces at least mandatory life imprisonment if convicted of the charge he is being tried for: kidnapping resulting in death. (He is also being tried for conspiracy to murder, conspiracy to kidnap, and binding). And if the State can't get him on that, he also faces a first-degree murder charge in the county where Rackley was supposedly murdered. This charge has a mandatory death sentence. So Markle is pretending to be lenient, knowing that if necessary Lonnie will face a death sentence in a later trial.

The process of jury selection bolstered the defense contention that there had been so much prejudicial publicity about Lonnie and the Panthers that a fair trial would be impossible. For example:

Juror: "I'm not in favor of the Black Panther movement. . . . The May 1st demonstrations inconvenienced a lot of people. . . . I doubt I could be fair on a jury in this case. . . . I've read about the case. . . . I might believe the defendant less because he's a Panther There might be repercussions against the jurors. There have been in other cases."

Defense: "Your honor, I ask you to excuse this juror because of her views on Black Panther Party and because of her fear of being a juror."

Judge: "I think she's a very pleasant nice lady who's not afraid of anything. Motion denied." So the defense had to use one of its challenges to reject a candidate who was being quite honest about her feelings. (A challenge involves rejecting a potential juror without giving a reason.)

When the week was over, 56 people had been called. Thirty-eight had been excused by the judge for blatantly biased statements, nine had been rejected by the defense and two had been rejected by the State. As the defense lawyers, in close consultation with Lonnie, reluctantly went after the less biased, six jurors were accepted: a black middle class woman who didn't know what "black power" meant, a woman bartender, a 22-year-old woman who is a Yale lab assistant and a Republican, a man who drives a truck for Uniroyal, a male electrical engineer and a man who is a welder and a member of the American Legion.



Lonnie McClucas at a Panther demonstration before his arrest.

Photo/LNS.

Women Fight The Big Operator

NEW YORK (LNS) — Women from New York Bell Telephone are organizing an alternative to the Telephone Traffic Union (TTU), a company-controlled union. The Bell Telephone Local will be an independent affiliate of District 65 — Retail, Wholesale, Office and Processing Union.

The Telephone operators, two-thirds of whom are black and Puerto Rican, recently returned to work after a wild-cat walk-out in mid May which forced male management to work the switchboard for more than a week. The workers walked out in response to a company wage proposal which offered employees with less than three months service a raise of \$11 a week, but gave no comparable increase to workers with many years' service.

The proposal was presented to the operators by the TTU for approval or rejection. There was no provision for voting on what the women really wanted — the right to a wage reopener which would give wage raises of \$11 to everyone. The union was so successful in propagandizing and spreading rumors among the workers that the issue got confused. Eventually the proposal was rejected by an unauthorized mail ballot and no one got a raise.

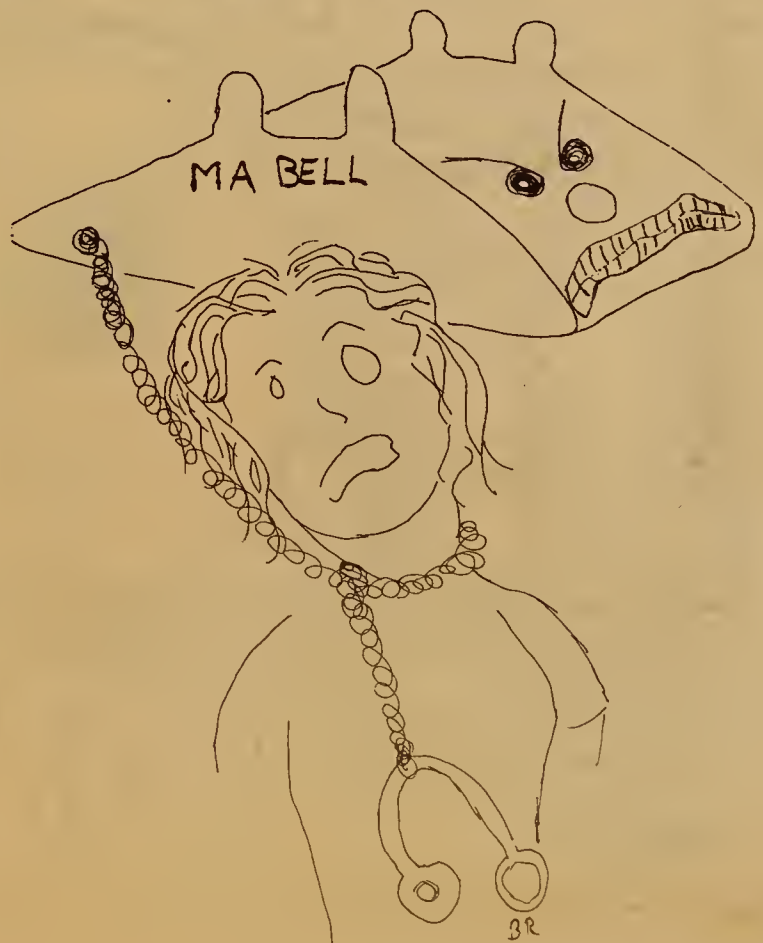
The women are expressing their anger at the events by rejecting the TTU.

After the first week of circulating show-of-interest cards on the new Bell Telephone local, 1830 women had signed up.

The most outspoken of the organizers have been offered promotions by the company in an attempt to buy them off, but all of the women have refused. One organizer explained why she turned down a management job. "I wouldn't be able to look my co-workers in the eye," she says. "Nobody would talk to me. I'd have to walk around by myself."

District 65, part of the National Council of Distributive Workers of America, is a progressive union which supports the Young Lords and the Black Panthers and calls for the immediate withdrawal of American troops from Southeast Asia. The union is affiliated with the liberal Alliance of Labor Action which includes the United Auto Workers, the Teamsters and the United Chemical Workers. The Bell Telephone Local affiliated to District 65 would have the backing of all of these unions.

When two-thirds of the telephone operators have signed the show-of-interest cards, they can petition the National Labor Relations Board for an election in which they can vote for the union they want to represent them.



Barbara Rothkrug/LNS.

Radical Lawyers Challenge State Bar Convention

by John Muir

"The purposes of the State Bar shall be the advancement of the administration of justice . . . (and) the encouragement of cordial intercourse among its members . . ."

— Rules Governing the State Bar of Texas

The State Bar of Texas holds its annual convention about this time every year. For those lawyers who help manage the financial empires in Texas, it is traditionally a time for celebration. A time for boozing, wenching, wheeling and dealing.

But this year the tone may be a little different. This year, for the first time in the history of the Bar, there is going to be a Radical Lawyers' Caucus at the convention. The powers within the Bar are more worried than they would like to admit.

What probably bothers them the most is that they are going to have Conspiracy 8 Defense Counsel William Kunstler in their midst and there isn't a damn thing they can do about it. Kunstler, who also participated in the meeting between lawyers and radicals held in Wimberly in December, 1968, will fly into San Antonio Wednesday, July 1, and will attend the Bar Convention Thursday. He will speak at a luncheon for lawyers and law students Thursday afternoon, shortly before U. S. Attorney General John Mitchell addresses a meeting of the State Junior Bar. Thursday evening Kunstler will speak at a public rally in front of the Alamo.

So far, the Bar has done everything in its power — legally and illegally — to hinder the efforts of the Radical Lawyers' Caucus to meet with other lawyers and law students from around the state. The Bar Journal, the official publication of the State Bar, has refused to print two advertisements inviting lawyers and law students to attend the convention.

The first ad, submitted by 13 attorneys, was an invitation to all law students in Texas to attend the convention for a "wide-open free-wheeling discussion . . . of the critical socio-legal issues facing all citizens and the State Bar of Texas in particular."

The invitation also said that "without doubt your presence will have a profound impact on the older attorneys of Texas. We also think the experience will be a valuable educational one for you personally."

According to William E. Pool, Executive Director of the Bar and Editor-in-Chief of the Bar Journal, the invitation to law students was refused because participation in the Bar convention is limited to members of the Bar. In his search to find this reason, Mr. Pool evidently overlooked the fact that a number of law students attend the convention to compete against each other in an event known as Moot Court. They pretend to argue a make-believe law case and a judge decides which one argued best. Just like real life.

The second ad which the Bar Journal

refused to print was submitted by the ten lawyers who formally constitute the Radical Lawyers' Caucus. It invited lawyers to come to the convention and discuss with Caucus members the need to: "end the annihilation of the Black Panthers; publicize and prevent emergent police-state tactics developing under the Omnibus Crime Control Act; end United States involvement in Southeast Asia; free all political prisoners and defendants (the Chicago Conspiracy, Lee Otis Johnson, Matthew Johnson, Richard Chase); abolish archaic and repressive

marijuana and abortion laws; abolish all laws which deny full citizenship to young people."

Pool's reason for denying this ad was that it was "contrary to the policies

governing advertisements in the Bar Journal." He failed to elaborate what, specifically, those policies might be. A phone call to Virginia Parton, Managing Editor of the Bar Journal, revealed that there were policies, but that she was "not at liberty" to say what they might be.

All of this unnecessary vagueness was simply added proof of something the Caucus members already knew — that the State Bar didn't have any policy at all; that it was ignoring the rights of free speech, due process and equal protection under the law for its own political reasons; and that it was trying as hard as it could to keep lawyers and law students from finding out about the Caucus.

The response of the Caucus members was, typically enough, to file a law suit. They asked, among other things, for a temporary restraining order to prohibit distribution of the June 1 issue of the Bar Journal unless it included the ad submitted by the Caucus. As an alternative they asked that

the Bar Journal be required to make a separate mailing of the ad to its entire mailing list of approximately 21,000.

Although the Caucus members filed a suit that was strong legally, they had little expectation that the relief they sought in the form of the temporary restraining order would be granted. They are well aware that the courts often have the same limited notion of justice that the Bar does. They filed the suit partly for publicity, to reach — through the news media — the lawyers and law students to whom they were denied access by the Bar Journal.

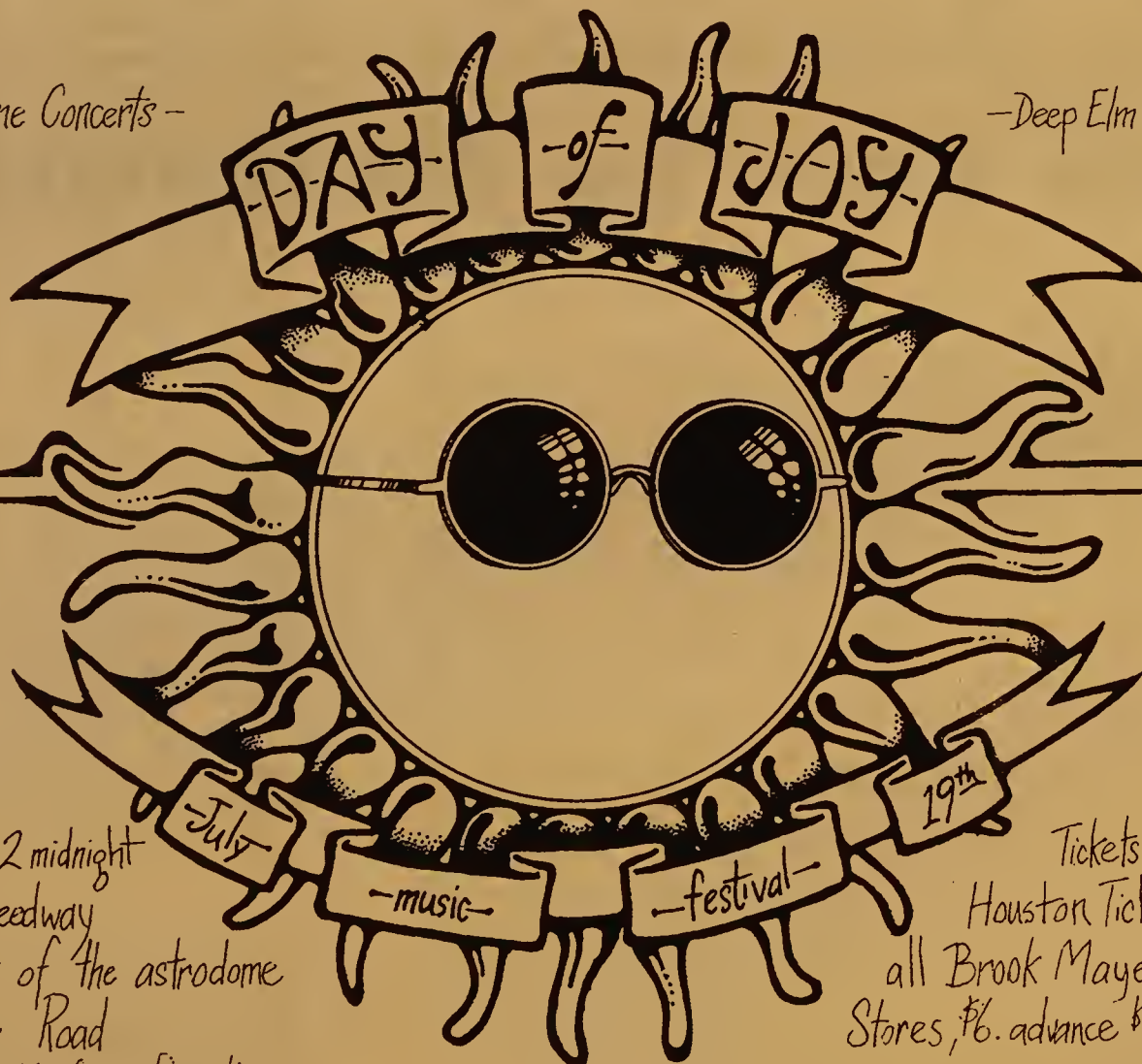
On Friday, June 19, Federal District Judge Jack Roberts effectively cut off any chance that the Caucus might finally reach the state's lawyers through the Bar Journal when he denied the request for a temporary restraining order. He agreed, however, to hear the constitutional issues at a later date.

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III

Atlanta Streets Full of Freeeks

by Jeff Shero

ATLANTA — Atlanta used to have a ball team called the Crackers. But now it's gone big league. White crackers have been replaced by the Braves, and the hero is a black right fielder named Hank Aaron. White Georgia's typified by Yahoo Governor Lester Maddox, who's fame rests on giving out ax handles to burley Segs to protect his fried chicken business from "Communist inspired" black integrationists. On the other hand, Atlanta has flourished under a succession of liberal mayors following a course of business-like moderation.

Atlanta is a country boy on the make. It has over 50 topless A-go-go clubs, a gamey atmosphere and a black assistant mayor. Its reputation for progressivism has made it the regional headquarters for the international business community. It's as careful as Mae West about it's make-up in public. Atlanta, like the hometown soft drink, Coca-Cola, would have you believe "It's the real thing."

Of course, the jails are filled with the black and poor. The new mayor has screwed the striking garbage workers after getting elected with their support. Block-busting Real Estate agents turn race tensions into quick profits. Unemployment goes up, and real wages go down. Housing developers exploit the loneliness of the swarms of incoming college graduates, squeezing out \$300 rents for apartments in prestige youth complexes. And recently this liberal city, headed by liberal Mayor Sam Massell, has developed a liberal program of dealing with the city's blossoming "hippie problem."

Mayor Massell says hippies need a program of "intensive care." But the real problem with hips is that the community got too together. Now, from all over the South, young kids are running away to find a new life on the strip. Peachtree and 10 St. are becoming the South's Haight-Ashbury dream.

Newcomers find dope plentiful and the narc problem easy enough to deal with. Big old houses, moderate rents, trees and sunshine combined with friendly sisters and brothers offer a welcome change from small town paranoia or big city concrete jungles.

After a battle between hips and the piggery last summer, the city gave in to long hairs grooving in nearby Piedmont Park. The park lake has been liberated for free swimming, and every Sunday some of the best bands in the South gather to play for free.

The music is incredible. Bands here tend to work together a long while before their fame spreads, pulling them into the record industry hype. Tight, funky and with roots in black blues and soul, bands like the Allman Brothers, Eric Quincey Tate, and the Hampton Grease Band are as good as anything in the country. The

whole thing vibrates like the long dead San Francisco free music scene in Golden Gate Park.

Though the strip is a businessmen's menage of head shops and porn movie theaters, all the essentials of life can be found. Yuppies run an apartment-finding service. The Crises Center helps with busts, communications, fuck-ups and freak outs. The Laundromat is a cheap craft co-op run by beautiful anti-capitalist heads. There are doctors for the clap and other common ailments, as well as some decent lawyers. The local blue enforcers of the Law, though pig-like, tend toward inefficiency. The scene isn't nirvana, but compared to New York, Chicago, Houston or L.A., it looks pretty good.

This summer has produced new problems. Every night, hoards of businessmen drive slowly down the strip oggling the scene, and trying to get a little of that free love. Sometimes, lubricated with alcohol, they get belligerent. Others, primarily working class whites and black hustlers encouraged by the non-violent atmosphere, have gotten into raping and mugging the unwary. But, because the Atlanta scene is a unique combination of middle class drop outs, poor white rebels, and blacks, an effective street patrol was put together to protect people from marauders.

Summer has also brought numbers of footloose back-packing hips on the road to the Atlanta Pop Festival who have arrived early. The influx has strained some of the community's resources. Also, the hard drug market has mushroomed. But it's the same everywhere, and local people were taking care of the community's needs.

The liberal city of Atlanta's response, true to its repressive instincts, was to freak-out at the success of the alternative counter culture. While the scene was still small, it was quaint and proved Atlanta's liberality. When it grew, it threatened to take hold among the establishment's sons and daughters and to undermine the commercial way of life. The response was the same liberal rationale as Vietnam: we're sending in troops to protect your freedom.

In a television speech, Mayor Massell announced that to protect the hip community from "outsiders" and "undesirables" he was establishing a patrol force of 64 cops. Being a liberal image builder, the precinct was christened the "Pig Pen" and the front window was emblazoned with a pink porker in a blue uniform. The mayor also conned a sell-out long hair to act as "spokesmen" for the community and express gratitude for the "protection." Then, in a surprise move, he announced an underground press ad campaign. Underground Press Ad Campaign! Wow!

... Meet the Press was snowed, but street people were apprehensive.

New the air has cleared. The "Pig Station" is gone, replaced by Precinct 65. The forces of the Law mass on the strip, ever-ready to protect the fascist porn theater owner and other patriotic property owners. There are virtually no patrols off the main street, proving the city wasn't interested in protecting anyone. One brother has been shot. People are getting busted for such things as "creating a turmoil" and "violating pedestrian duties." Kids who a month ago thought Atlanta's underground paper, the Great Speckled Bird, on a violence trip, now talk of offing the pig and blowing up the pig sty.

Atlanta, despite its pretensions, proves to be liberal Amerika in microcosm — the leaders talk a good game, but use force when people try to live free. It hasn't worked in Vietnam, Berkeley, Kent State or Jackson, and it isn't working here. The strip and the park are still controlled by the people. Energy is high. The community has toughened and seen through another layer of liberal sweet talk. New forms are developing to meet repression. A new nation is blossoming in the cradle of the deep south.



Dallas Notes Hassled

DALLAS (LNS) — Local authorities here are coming down hard and fast against Dallas Notes.

The most recent incident apparently stems from the cover picture in the June 3-16 issue of a nude male leading an anti-mini-skirt protest.

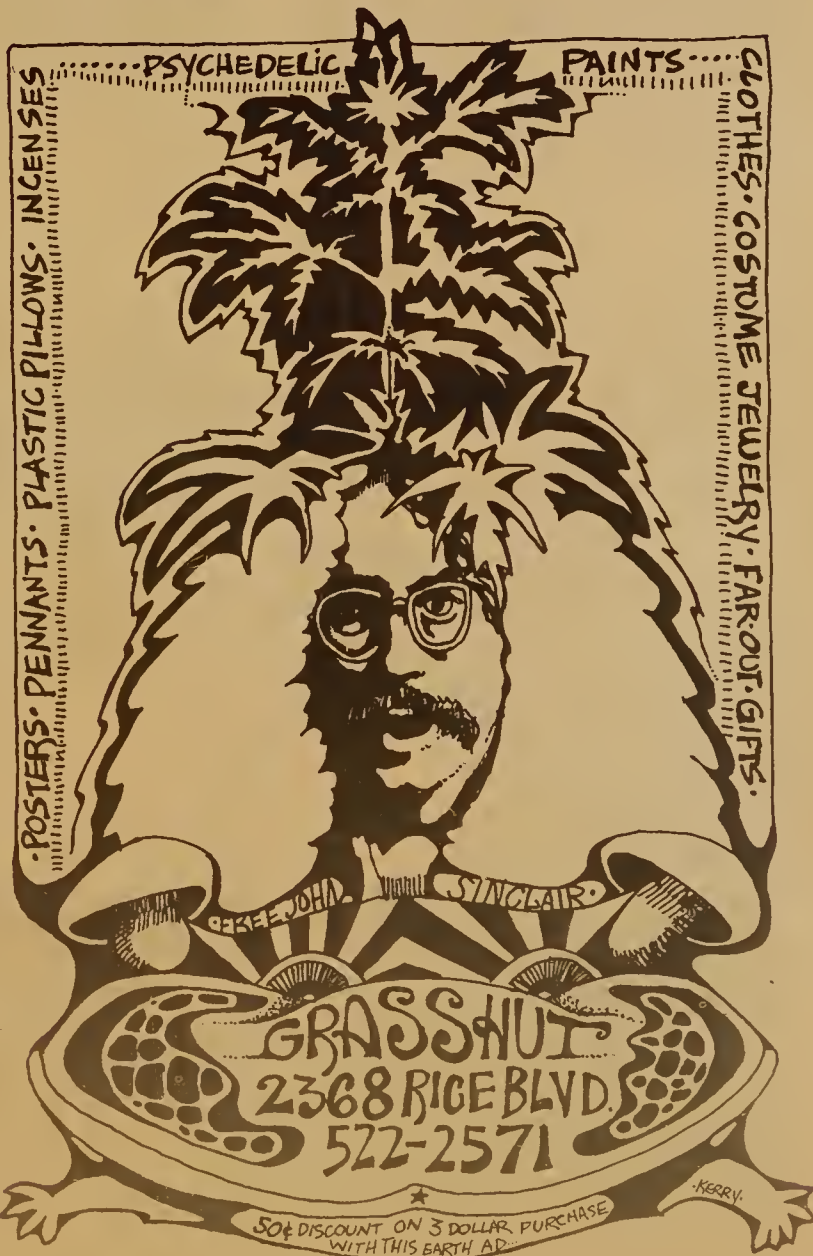
Urged on by the Citizens for a Decent Dallas, the District Attorney and the City Attorney asked that a temporary injunction be issued against Notes and its editor and publisher, Stoney Burns, on the grounds that "the sale and distribution of such material to minors would cause irreparable injury to (their) morals and general welfare."

Notes responded by first neglecting to appear at the hearing on June 12 and second by presenting a motion to declare Burns a pauper and therefore unable to pay court costs.

On the same day the staff members received an anonymous telephone call indicating that there were plans for a dope raid. Everyone cleared out. They returned to find two men leaving the office. The door had been kicked in, two stereos and records destroyed, a nude painting slashed and the staff camera stolen.

One member of the staff was arrested in front of the court house when she tried to sell a copy of Notes to a Dallas County Judge. Earlier in the week Burns had been indicted on charges of interfering with police during a civil disturbance April 12.

The latest issue of the paper appeared on June 17. Citizens for a Decent Dallas and city councilmen are still wondering what to do about it since the temporary injunction didn't seem to have any effect. In fact Notes has become more popular, and has even won open support from the commercial press. Obviously the issue here is not the nude picture (nudey magazines are regularly distributed in Dallas unretouched) but rather, as the Stoney Burns defense case states, "the controversial nature of the newspaper" and the "unorthodox nature of (their) life style."



Another Rip-Off

by Don Gardner

I usually don't get uptight about particular instances of my environment getting ripped off. I mean, there are so many that it just wouldn't pay to get carried away with each one.

I personally don't think anything is going to change because there is a "public hearing" or because I write my city councilman or because I picket Champion Paper. Until we have the power to say, "Stop this shit," it will continue — because it's good business.

During the past month I did some traveling in parts of the country where there aren't streets, or cars, or buildings, or cops. It felt good, it really did. But I always come back to Houston.

Not many people realize Houston is sitting in the middle of a tremendous forest of pines, oaks and pecans. A hell of a lot has been ripped off already, but a hell of a lot is still here. We have a lot of trees in this city and some parts of town are good to live in. One of these is the Montrose neighborhood.

I've lived in this neighborhood for about five years — in about 10 different houses. I've watched it become the place where freaks and heads and homosexuals and gangsters and outlaws in general live side by side and feel some sort of community.

That community is about the only thing in this city we can call our own.



then

But can we? Don't we all rent from someone else?

And the neighborhood is changing. It is being ripped apart around us.

I could tell lots of tales, but let me relate one story for now.

I'm a watcher of vacant lots and old houses. We have a lot of them in the Montrose neighborhood. Perhaps the most famous and most often seen is the lot and old house on the corner of Montrose and Alabama. You probably pass by it every day.

Another famous lot/old house is on Graustark. It's the old Wolff Home. It's on Graustark south of Richmond — right beside the Southwest freeway, which slashes through the sky in that part of the neighborhood.

The Wolff Home has been vacant since early 1968. Before that, it was used by the Jewish Family Service.

It's a fine old two-story red brick building with elaborate hand-carved wood inside. The lot around the home has always been a good place to go and sit and think and get stoned, or whatever. It is covered with tall, green, wide-spreading oak trees which look like they have been there forever.

We were going by there the day after we got back to Houston. Pam let out a scream of anguish and I turned and looked ahead and saw it too. At least three of those trees, the ones nearest the

street, had been pulled up by their roots and were lying on the ground dying. They were still green.

I was stunned. I mean I sort of considered those trees as much mine as anyone else's. I jumped out of the car and ran into the lot. There was a man sitting on a tractor digging away around another tree. I could see that six had already fallen. There were voices coming from the house about 50 yards away. We walked over. The screen porch door was open and we went in. Six people were walking around in the big front room. One guy was obviously buying some of the old wooden pieces and it hit me — someone was demolishing the house as well as the trees.

I asked, "What's going on?"

"There's going to be high rise apartments all the way from that end of the block to the other end," came the proud voice of progress from a guy in work clothes who could not have been over 20.

I said, "But the trees, did you have to cut down the trees?" There was an answer of some kind. I only heard it as mumbling. I was thinking: what can I do? "Who is doing this?"

I guess that was the wrong question because I got answers back in the form of questions. "Who are you?" "It's none of your business?" and "What are you doing here?"

The atmosphere of the place changed fast. They immediately began to attack me.

"I think it's time you got off this property," said an older guy who acted as if he were in charge. I resisted. I wanted to find out more. "Are you going to get off?" "I'm leaving," I said, and moved backwards toward the sidewalk, asking more questions. It wasn't fast enough for them. "Get off or we'll throw you off." I said I'd be back because I wanted other people to know what was happening.

"If you come back on this property I'll shoot you," someone said; I didn't see which one. "Is this your money?" I asked to no one in particular as I was moving back down the sidewalk followed by about five people. "Yes," said a middle-aged man dressed in sports clothes and wearing a golf hat.

Well, I haven't been able to find out much more information for you. The house was built in 1930 and has been overseen by a board of trustees for many years. The Jewish Family Service was there for eight years, rent free. Chairman of the trustees is Ben Taub — if that tells you anything.

Miss Sadie Epstein, who works for the trustees, said she couldn't give me any information because "Mr. Taub doesn't like publicity and I have to clear everything through the trustees."

I did find out that the land has been "bought" by Harry Reed and Company Real Estate. Reed has an office on Times Blvd. in the village. And the Montrose neighborhood is going to have some new high rise apartments.

We've all been talking about survival recently. Is control of your own neighborhood part of survival? Are we being closed in on? Can we stop it?



now

Photos by Judy Weiser.

Chicago 15 Gets 65 Years

CHICAGO (LNS) — The five-week trial of the Chicago 15, antiwar activists who last year staged a major attack on a U.S. draft board, ended June 9 with the sentencing of ten people to a total of 65 years in jail.

Four of the original 15 defendants never showed up for trial, and Ed Hoffmann, 32, an Iowa draft counsellor, was whisked away in mid-trial to a federal mental institution. Thirty of the 65 years went to three defendants who split the scene in the last week of the trial.

The seven who stuck around for sentencing were Charles G. Fullenkamp, 24, of Burbank, S.D.; Joseph E. Mulligan, 27, a Jesuit seminarian from North Aurora, Ill.; Frederick J. Chase, 26, and Margaret Katroschik, 23, both of Detroit; and William Sweeney, 20, Edward Gargan, 19 and William Durkin, 20, all of Milwaukee.

With all the wit, grace and brains of a dinosaur, the Government had plodded through the presentation of its case against the people who attacked a southside Chicago draft board complex in the early dawn of May 25, 1969. They torched thousands of gasoline-drenched files of potential pawns in the imperial army, mostly 1-A and mostly black.

The defendants never denied they did it. In fact they stood around until they got busted at the time. But the government insisted on trotting out every gas can, burlap bag, paint chip, article of clothing, charred record or telephone bill which bore any relation to the case, and hauling in every breed of expert automation to interpret the debris.

Judge Edwin ("This court is not heartless") Robeson did not play it as heavy-handed as Julius Hoffman, but his politics were barely concealed behind an occasional smile. He denied the defendants any opportunity to explain their acts, and refused to permit a number of expert witnesses to be heard to substantiate the plea of insanity entered by four defendants.

After the jury deliberated for two and a half hours minus a lunchbreak and returned its verdict of guilty, Judge Robeson let his fangs out. He inveighed against revolution and asserted that the defendants' background "should have made them appreciate what law and order is. They did wilfully conspire to burn draft records. It is only a step from that to burning buildings. What they represent here and what counsel's closing arguments represent is anarchy."

This outburst surprised no one. It was the existence of such prejudices in the court and all the institutions of Amerikan society that prompted four raiders to plead not-guilty on grounds they were crazy. Since insanity is a cultural definition of deviance, and since "the ideas of the ruling class are in every epoch the ruling ideas" (that's Marx, not the defendants), and since Spiro Agnew, a ruler, is sane, clearly anyone who burns draft files is insane.

However, defense attorney Frank Oliver's attempt to bring Agnew to the witness stand to find out why the Vice President believes radicals to be "the criminal insane" was denied when Robeson ruled Spiro not competent to judge people's mental state.

The other defendants tried to argue they were forced to burn the files because the dictates of their conscience so strongly conflicted with government policy. In both instances, the defense needed to show what the defendants were thinking, and that was the last thing the government or Judge Robeson wanted the jury to hear.

The first defendant to take the stand, Jesuit seminarian Joseph Mulligan, tried to explain the meaning of a state-

ment about the action which he had drafted. Prosecutor Richard Makarski, a boyish, blond, curly-haired all-American crime-stopper, objected, fearing it would lead to a "diatribe against the war or conscription. . . . It would open the door to a circus and lose sight of the real issues in this case." The best that Mulligan could manage after the judge ruled inadmissible any evidence about motivation was to declare softly a few times, "My intent was to do whatever I could. . . to save lives, to stop this war, to bring an end to the draft."

When Nicholas Riddell, a forty-year-old priest and associate of James Groppi in Milwaukee, tried to explain that his intent was "to wake people up," the court decided to gag him. "To wake people up" is inadmissible as evidence of intent when it's the defense's position; "to incite a riot" is admissible when it's the prosecutor's interpretation.

The prosecution was forced into arguing that outrage about the draft, poverty, the war and racism is a healthy normal reaction. "Everyone wants the war over. Do you stop it by burning draft offices?" asked the prosecutor in his conclusion to the jury. "Everyone wants an end to racism. Do you end it by burning buildings?" He suggested that everyone should write a letter to his Congressman.

But the main thrust of the prosecution was to suppress the real issues. The government so feared discussion of the substantive issues of the case that they objected, with Robeson's nod, to several highly qualified scholars who appeared to testify for the defense. Dr. Jerome Lettvin, psychiatrist and omnibus scholar from MIT, anthropologist David Schneider and games theor-

ist Anatol Rapaport were refused an opportunity to explain the scientific foundations of the insanity plea. Yet Robeson felt perfectly comfortable ordering the four defendants to undergo examination by a government-appointed psychiatrist.

Robeson's narrow and often contradictory rulings on what can be said in court will undoubtedly make juicy material for appeal. Despite the prosecution's frequent and ever-sustained objections, the defendants did get in a few words on the war, racism, the draft and imperialism. But they were all disappointed that the court never became the "forum" they hoped for when they decided to stand by their warpaper bonfire, jumping up and down and singing "We Shall Overcome."

The group that argued the "Nuremberg defense" — that they represented humanity rising to its self-defense by resisting war crimes — did have a chance to tell the jury of their fears of imminent annihilation. But the judge also instructed the jury loud and clear that an argument of innocence by virtue of self-defense was outside the law.

So now three more of the defendants have decided to put themselves about as "outside the law" as you can get — joining hundreds of other "fugitives" in the new Amerikan underground. In the last week of the trial Riddell and Linda Quint decided they'd had enough and split. Charlie Muse, a 22-year-old draft resister who'd already seen too much prison, left town the last day. The Justice Department says they're all in Montreal.



A local draft board raid in Silver Springs, Md. Photo by Marilyn Webb/LNS.

Draft Files Destroyed

PROVIDENCE, R.I. (LNS) — A group of young people destroyed draft files in mid-June at the Rhode Island State Selective Service offices, and at local boards 7, 8, 9 and 10 in Providence. All 1-A and 1-Y records were eliminated. In addition, the cross-reference system, which enables the board to reconstruct the files, was removed.

According to an anonymous message received by Liberation News Service, those claiming responsibility for the action plan to reveal their identity to the public at some future date. They hope that their example will "encourage others to similar actions of direct resistance to the government."

They added that "the entire action was taken to show that we will not be intimidated by the repression and murder of the Panthers and the heavy sentences handed down on the Chicago draft board liberators. Power to the People."

Presidio Conviction Reversed



SAN FRANCISCO (LNS) — The conviction of one of the 27 Presidio GIs sentenced to fifteen years in a military stockade was overturned on June 16. The Military Court of Review threw out the conviction of Pvt. Nersey Sood, one of the soldiers involved in a stockade revolt in October 1968.

The reversal is expected to win eventual freedom for all the defendants sentenced for alleged mutiny. The GIs action came as a sit-down protest against terrible prison conditions and the murder of a mentally deranged soldier by a sadistic stockade guard.

A Presidio 27 mutineer. /LNS

COMMUNISM IN LOUISIANA

THE LLANO COOL

by Bill Murray

If you go north on Louisiana Highway 171 from De Ridder, you come to the town of Newllano, tacked onto the southern edge of Leesville, the seat of Vernon Parish. Newllano is the kind of village (1960 population: 264) that you go through to get somewhere else. But, if you were to stop here and look around, you would find several interesting old buildings, some in the last stages of deterioration, some still being used. Near the Mobil station, across the highway and the railroad tracks, there is an empty building, and if you get up close, you can barely make out some words on the front: Llano Co-op Colony Warehouse. Newllano, Louisiana was once the site of one of the most successful radical social experiments in the history of the U.S. of A.

I got interested in Llano Colony after reading an article, "Llano: An Experiment in Communism," in a unique publication called *The Libertarian* put out from Greenville, S.C. in the 1920's. Later, I rummaged around in Rice Library and found two books, *The Llano Cooperative Colony* and *Two Paths to Utopia*, and a 1923 *American Vanguard* article, "Kuzbasing in Dixie". (Is there a better place to kuzbase?) I found that the colony was started as an experiment. The founders hoped to find out how people could remove themselves from the competitive, capitalist society and reshape their lives around communalism. This was to serve as a model for the future.

The Llano Colony is one of many pieces of our true history which has been buried and almost lost beneath the dead weight of popular history: the dates, the battles, and the "great men." Walking down the streets of this town, talking with the friendly people here, you begin to realize that this was one of our great moments that something worthy was alive here only 30 years ago. Yet today there are no historical markers, indeed few traces of its existence anywhere. Newllano is dead and soon the memory of Newllano will be dead also.

And it happened in rural Louisiana — right in the heart of Easy Riderland. Yet people that we talked to during two recent visits to Newllano — people who knew and worked beside the colony folk — had little but respect for the experiment in living socialism that had existed in their midst.

But I'll tell you more about the people we met in Newllano after I lay out a bit of background on the Colony: the ideas and people behind it and how it ended up in rural Louisiana.

Founded In California

Llano Colony was originally established in 1914 by Job Harriman, a socialist lawyer from Los Angeles who was active in the California Socialist Party. With the help of some socialist friends, including bankers and businessmen, Harriman bought 9,000 acres of land 45 miles north of Los Angeles. The colony was officially opened on May 1 (May Day), 1914 with only a handful of colonists, but by 1917 it reached its maximum population of 1,000.

Harriman formed the Llano del Rio Company which issued two million shares of stock at \$1 each. Membership in the colony required the purchase of 2,000 shares which entitled the colonist to use of the colony facilities — house, land, store, air, etc.

The colony had problems from the beginning and there was a constant turnover. It was difficult to pay the \$4 daily wage promised the settlers; they were criticized by many socialists because of their corporate organization, wage system and middle-class orientation; and, finally, an earthquake fault slurped up their water resources. Harriman slipped off, went to the cut-over piney hills of western Louisiana and bought 20,000 acres for \$125,000 from Gulf Lumber Company for a new site.

In October, 1917, the most dedicated group of the California colonists came to Louisiana, joining



The Llano Co-op Colony Warehouse

25 Texas socialist families. They changed the name of the old sawmill town of Stables to Newllano, though the colony itself was still called Llano. The colony grew fast and by January, 1918, there were 300 people.

But bad times came soon, and in the fall of 1918 there were only 15 families left. During these bad times a man by the name of George Pickett took over as general manager, later became Vice-President, still later deposed Harriman as President. From then until the colony broke up in 1938, Pickett was the out-standing leader of the Llano movement.

Harriman once wrote, and Pickett would have agreed, that "the moment an idea becomes more important than the welfare of the humblest being, that moment the individual who entertains the idea enters upon the dogmatic way." Both these guys felt that being able to cooperate was more important than having a well-structured philosophy, religion or system of any kind, including socialism. I think this is one of the reasons for Llano's success.

The colony in Louisiana began building slowly. A brick kiln and sawmill were begun in 1920 and the weekly newspaper, *The Llano Colonist*, began again in 1921, after shutting down during the hard times. (They used different phrases with the masthead of the paper like "The Voice of the Self-Employed," and "A weekly messenger from the Llano Cooperative Colony and Exponent of Integral Cooperation." But the mind blower was "...And in the dim chaos of a restless and joyless life, like a glittering, cheerful star. Like a guiding flame of the future there shimmered a simple word. Deep as the heart: Comrades!" Wow.)

By 1920 there were 165 colonists. The printing press was taking in job work for the area and they began to publish a local parish weekly, soon to be the leading newspaper in Vernon Parish. The *Llano Colonist* had become the main medium for word-spreading about the colony and was read by subscribers in every major country (eat your heart out, *Space City!*). In 1923 two leading socialist journalists picked Llano as the site for publishing the *American Vanguard* with a circulation of 20,000. In 1924 a professor from the U. of Illinois came down and established an experimental cooperative college, Commonwealth College. Unfortunately, after a few run-ins with Pickett, the prof moved the school to Arkansas.

In the '20's most colonists were at least mild socialists. (A straw vote in 1928 showed colonists overwhelmingly behind Norman Thomas for President.) With the Depression came an influx of people interested in the colony mainly for economic reasons and the political radicalism was diluted. (In 1932 the straw vote showed Thomas with 55 votes, Roosevelt with 13 and Hoover with 3. By 1935 Roosevelt and Huey Long both had more votes than Thomas.)

Party loyalty, along with religious sentiments (there was no church), was considered unnecessary in Newllano. But, as late as 1933 a Worker's Study Club was formed by a Marxist element to discuss Marxism and the Soviet experiment. Also, a conscientious objectors' union, organized in 1928, had 115 members and the Llano press was a center for publication of pacifist literature.

By Christmas, 1930, there were over 500 colonists at Newllano. The village had grown a good deal, though according to some visitors, it was never physically attractive. The colony lay on both sides of the highway leading north to Leesville two miles beyond. To the east of the road was the warehouse, a small depot, a post office, the laundry, the ice plant, the saw-mill, the veneer plant, the lumber yards, the boilers which supplied steam and power and an apartment hotel.

Most of the homes (many were lumber shacks) were on the west of the highway along with two schoolhouses, a park and baseball diamond, a two-story hotel and dining room, the waterworks, a small medical clinic, the store, a filling station and the shoe and tailor shops.

The two most impressive buildings were on the north edge of the village. A large 80-foot square concrete drying shed was converted into three lower sections — a theatre, a cabinet shop and a potato drying kiln. On the top was the prized roof garden and dance floor ("the best one between Shreveport and Baton Rouge"). The other, smaller building was used to house the printing equipment. Westward from the village could be found Pickett's home, Kid Kolony (for goats and children), an orchard, dairy, the main farm and the hog farm.

Each house had electricity, water, ice delivered daily and a few had indoor johns. Each family was entitled to have personal possessions, but all the property and buildings were owned communally.

I found from my reading that this little colony

PERATIVE COLONY



The deteriorating Llano Colony hotel.

Photos by Cam Duncan.

was "by far the largest of the colonies inspired by the dream of cooperative commonwealth." It holds the endurance record — 24 years — among all non-religious communitarian colonies in the United States.

Old Socialist: "I'd Do It Again"

If you're thinking like I was thinking after I first read about Newllano you are wondering whether you can gather bread and time enough to go over there. Well, I did, twice, and I wasn't disappointed. I was interested in trying to get a feel for the place, in talking with people who had first-hand experience. Also, I wanted to see how the hell a group of socialist "outsiders" were able to get along with the people of the area. I figured that in this day of the Great Red Scare, the people around there would not be at all proud of that part of their history, but I just wanted to see.

A friend, Judy Fitzgerald, went over with me on the first trip. We were pretty excited by the time we got there and found it odd that all the people around there were just living and stuff — like it was just nothing to live in Newllano. Anyway, we ate lunch at a little place in Leesville, and I asked a waitress if she knew anything about the history of Newllano. She said she and her husband were army people and hadn't lived here long. (Fort Polk is nearby.)

I asked the girl behind the counter and she said she had grown up in Leesville and had heard about the colony all her life. She unemotionally told a little about it and casually mentioned that it was communist. She recounted some of the history and evidently was not taught to be afraid or ashamed of what happened over there. I was surprised.

We then went to the Leesville *Leader* office in hopes that the local newspaper people could give us some leads (no pun intended). The secretary behind the counter began spilling out all she knew about the colony:

"There was Rosebud Cobb who lived around here for years after the colony failed, she wore a burlap tow sack and an old fur coat all year, just walking the streets, kinda crazy, her father was very well educated, they say, and I had an autographed book

by Mark Twain that came from the library there, but I loaned it to somebody and lost it, and here are some names of people to talk to, lessee. . . ."

She was very kind, but later came out when she saw us walking down the street, apologized for being abrupt with us, and took our names to put in the next week's *Leader* "about town" column.

We found a phone booth, and I rang Mr. Kapotsy's number. I told him my name and that a friend of mine and I would like to come over and have him tell us about Llano Colony. "Well, come on over," he said, without a question as to who we were, what we were doing, or anything. So we did.

Mr. Kapotsy's front porch is screened in, rocking chairs on it. A truck with "Stump Grinding" written across its butt sticks out of his garage.

A little old guy, stooped, suspenders, came to the door and invited us in. "I'm Albert Kapotsy," he said. "I'm Bill Murrah." "I'm Judy Fitzgerald," we replied.

We were given our choice of the several rockers in the dim-lighted living room, asked him about Newllano, and sat in awe for an hour and a half, listening to this little 87 year-old socialist. (He had just come in from clearing some new land, we were told.)

Albert Kapotsy came to this country from Budapest, and then to Newllano from Connecticut in 1921, after his wife died and he found himself with five children on his hands. He had read about Kid Kolony and the fact that they took care of the children communally while the parents worked. He only stayed in the colony a short while, but continued working there, and from 1959-68 was the manager of the remaining, contested 7,400 acres of colony land.

"I left the colony mainly because of Pickett, a regular dictator. We had psychological meetings on Thursday night, supposed to be a time when everybody could speak, but Pickett would lecture usually. He wasted the money, a poor manager and he went begging around the country. There was no use in his begging, we could have made it alright if the place was managed well. We had 20,000 acres. Then they went and tried to drill for oil, just wasted money.

"Politics? Well, the main requirement was that

people cooperate, that people would work their share, but we should have been paid. (No colonists were paid for their labor after Pickett became manager.) I may be an old socialist, but I think we should have all gotten a daily wage.

"Women had a double burden in the colony. (According to the female socialist editor in the "Kuzbasing" article, the tension between men and women was one of the main problems.) Now, they could take clothes to the community laundry, the food was fixed for everybody in the hotel and a woman could have all the family's sewing done at the sewing room. But, they had eight-hour jobs in the day, same as men, and then they had to come home to housework. They had it a little rough, but still had a lot of free time.

"The social life was really good, we had a dance every Saturday night, people from all over came, a good ten-piece orchestra. We had a good time. Got along well with most of the other people in the parish. Folks a little further away were more suspicious.

"I still feel that a setup like our colony is the only way we can make it. The problem in this country is the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few, and the colony was one way to deal with this problem. I'd do it again, sure would, if another colony started, I'd do it again."

Before we left, Mr. Kapotsy took us outside, showed us his barns and his dirt ("Look at this dirt here!"), and gave us both a bottle of 25 year-old youngberry wine ("Pure 'Louisiana Sunshine' Brand Youngberry Wine, Made and Bottled in Leesville, Louisiana by Albert Kapotsy, Sr."). We were tired by the time we left, so we took a few pictures of the old colony buildings and came back to Houston.

Church Becomes Tomato Cannery

On the second trip over, with two other friends, Cam and Sue, we had time to talk with more people.

A black woman on the street in Leesville spoke well of the place, but "they didn't have any colored with them." She had visited in the colony and

Cont. on 21

"Parable of the Beast"

by Bryan Baker

*Birds do it, bees do it
Even educated fleas do it...
"Let's Do It"
popular song, circa 1945*

Man is a unique phenomenon in the biological world. Like all organisms, he has been through billions of years of evolution, slowly adapting to changing external conditions and slowly developing a strategy for survival. Unlike any other organism, however, man has developed a technology and a civilized lifestyle which has increasingly isolated him from the natural world.

Evolution took place slowly in an environment which was fairly stable; the adaptations which accompanied the development of new species were subtle, and the relationship between populations of differing species and between individuals of the same species were (and still are) very important. The development of technology and civilization has been rapid (on the evolutionary time scale, almost instantaneous). Man is consciously transforming the environment which supported his ancestors for billions of years, and is breaking down those subtle interrelationships essential to the survival of any species. And he is doing it so fast that no complex organism, including man, has time to fully adapt.

Man's alienation from nature has precipitated a tremendous biological crisis, which may be divided (somewhat artificially) into two parts: First, there is a crisis of survival, for man and for other species, as large parts

of the environment are irreversibly destroyed. Second, there is a crisis in human behavior as man moves farther away from a "natural state." The first crisis is the "ecological problem"; it is the most important. *The Parable of the Beast* is an attempt to deal with the second crisis.

Technology and civilization have given man an environment very different from the environment in which he evolved and a way of life which is different from his original (and successful) survival strategy. Man, after billions of years of adaptation to the natural world, after developing physical and behavioral means of survival in that world, finds himself a foreigner in the artificial world which he has built in the last few millennia. It is this crisis, man's alienation from "the nature within," which concerns John Bleibtreu.

The Parable of the Beast is a mind-expanding book. Similar in approach to the popular works by Konrad Lorenz (*King Solomon's Ring*, *On Aggression*) and Desmond Morris (*The Naked Ape*, *The Human Zoo*), Bleibtreu's book is more far-ranging and more metaphysical. His intent, as stated in the introduction, is to create "mythology from the raw materials of science." The book should appeal to heads and mystics as well as to the standard dabblers in pop biology.

The central assumption of the book is that human behavior has evolved from the behavior of "lower animals," just as human anatomy and physiology have evolved. Bleibtreu suggests "comparative behavior," a discipline

analogous to comparative anatomy, as a way of understanding human behavior in terms of animal behavior. He presents a great deal of data about animals, their behavior as individuals and as members of groups. The animals, Bleibtreu says, are to be seen as the characters in a fable about Man, just as Aesop's animals were only actors in fables.

Many of Bleibtreu's fables are brilliant. In the first half of the book, dealing with the behavior of individuals, he is especially imaginative. He presents some of the most interesting experiments in modern biology; in discussing the findings of those experiments, he brings in sociology, religion, philosophy, and metaphysics.

This inter-disciplinary approach is difficult to maintain, and Bleibtreu is only partially successful. It works in the first half of the book, where the author makes reasonable connections between the biological data and the philosophical ramblings. It breaks down in the second half, with the biology almost impossible to find among the "peace-and-love" rhetoric. This second half of the book deals with very important types of social behavior: compatibility, territoriality, and aggression. Bleibtreu's treatment of social behavior is fragmented because he has trouble finding data to fit his conclusions.

Bleibtreu wants to believe that cooperation has been more important than struggle in determining the evolution of behavior. This is a view which most biologists have rejected; many biologists, in fact, would argue that animal behavior is never altruistic, that

what appears to be altruism is in fact simply a means of gaining an edge in survival. Bleibtreu covers up his lack of hard evidence by resorting to cheap tricks (albeit very entertaining cheap tricks), submerging his scanty data under a load of irrelevant bullshit.

Thus he devotes 14 pages to Kropotkin, the author of *Mutual Aid Among Animals*, a factor in evolution, 10 pages of which are a very entertaining biography of Kropotkin (who was a really far-out guy) and four of which relate to his theories (which are of limited applicability). He effectively obscures Kropotkin's ideas by talking about Kropotkin's struggles.

Bleibtreu uses the same trick in dealing with the work of Allee and Lorenz; he uses other tricks to obfuscate other theories. So that what should be the most relevant part of the book (problems of sociality and aggression being what they are) is rendered almost worthless. What makes this worse is that an uncritical reader may leave this section of the book with a false sense of understanding.

Read *Parable of the Beast*, if only to expand your consciousness; all of it is interesting, and the section on individuals is very useful. Hopefully it can turn people on to more serious study of the problems of man's alienation from the nature within and without him. Someday soon we're going to take control of our own lives. When we do, I hope we can make a start in breaking down that alienation.

The Parable of the Beast by John N. Bleibtreu, Copyright 1968, Collier Books, 275 far-out pp., \$1.50.



Grasshopper: A Feminist View

by Marjon Rowland

What happens to a young, ambitious girl with a pretty face and a nice body, whose homelife is violent and inconsistent? She leaves home, of course. Where does she go? Las Vegas, of course. Who does she meet? Men, of course.

As an updated version of *Midnight Cowboy*, *Grasshopper* doesn't pan out too well cinemagraphically, but as a fairly accurate portrayal of this type of girl, it merits attention.

Of course, the plot might have taken any number of angles: girl marries for security and becomes a housewife alcoholic; woman deserts her husband and children, etc. But regardless of the plot, the message is the same. A woman can't be a success in this society unless she "stick(s) with what (she's) most suited for — balling." If she's pretty, she has even less of a chance to make an individual choice for her: she will find her main support (emotional and financial) from one or many men. If she finds herself lonely, frustrated or unfulfilled by this arrangement, she will find no alternative support from society — this would be unacceptable to her role, and she will likely suffer grievously if she tries to alter her situation.

In *Grasshopper* Jacqueline Bisset represents the mythical journey of woman in search of fulfillment. She is helped along the way by Corbet Monica, a comedian with a heart of gold; she receives setbacks (is widowed by James Brown); she finds some momentary satisfactions (becomes the mistress of Joseph Cotton) and is continuously seeking, searching and putting hope in what the future holds.

Although she seeks human involvement, she is tortured by an insatiable drive (which she herself can only define as wanting to have more fun than anyone else) which causes her to leave behind all she has found to love, in search of something she ultimately knows she will not find — something to give her life meaning.

If you want proof of women being treated as sex objects, this film is full of nothing else. Even the leading male, a black, is treated as he says, "like a piece of meat." (Someone has been reading Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*.)

And so from episode to episode the object lesson is made quite clear. Through hard knocks (no pun) and cruel lessons, our heroine has learned how to make it in our modern, progressive, humanistic, democratic, equality-oriented, 20th century world — not standing up like a man, but lying down like the sex machine she has always been.

There's probably nothing very constructive one can take away from *The Grasshopper*, except perhaps a view of life as it is for a woman who meets all contemporary standards for success, but cannot find happiness — the standards are meaningless and exploitative, having been created by males, to satisfy their own appetites and chauvinist needs.



It's Your Play, Noah



by Dennis Fitzgerald

It's Your World, Noah, produced by The Theatre Company, is (1) a political play without politics; (2) beats very dead horses with a self-righteous and uncommon enthusiasm; and (3) exhibits a naivete usually more embarrassing than "charming." Still, I hope they pull through.

Noah, is The Company's first production, and they've received small audiences and a nasty review from the Chronicle. This isn't a nasty review; it's critical support.

The Theatre Company is the only local group which we know of that is even attempting to do original and socially relevant theatre — in their words "to create, rather than revive, theatre." They should keep attempting, and people who want to see an effective theatre in Houston should help them.

Now, having done the support part, I'll do the critical part.

Noah's message is that grown-ups through their hypocrisy and greed and cheating have screwed up the world, and that it's up to us kids to set things straight in our own honest, sharing, straightforward way. Or the message might be that it'll take kids and big people working together — principle and power — to right the wrongs. Or that it's so screwed up now that it's no use anyway. Or maybe, Back to the Ten Commandments with Pot on our Side. Actually, I'm not too sure what the message is.

Except that Noah and his ilk are always doing bad things, like telling the kids how masturbation turns you into a sex fiend, and like admonishing uncomprehending 10 year olds to beware of coveting the neighbor's wife (meanwhile himself engaging in sexual kumquaterly with next door Mrs.

Smith), and like being indignant about cheating on tests (meanwhile himself falsifying applications for research grants), etc. etc. In other words, it's a slambang at the middle class hypocrisy that's been slambanged so many times before that it no longer jars anybody: Yeah, so what?

Noah never answers "so what?" It hardly seems aware of the question. It indicts only; it never considers the significance of the "crime." Trouble is, goodness and mercy lost out the first time around because they aren't very practical or satisfying precepts in a competitive society. And *Noah's* saying that we need to build a new world based on goodness and mercy doesn't make much more sense than saying we need to build a new world based on hot fudge sundaes. Maybe less.

What we need to do is build a new world with institutions which not only formally approve but substantially reward goodness and mercy. That might seem a small difference, but, in fact, it makes all the difference.

"Sharing" (which *Noah* is strong on) in a capitalist society means giving a-

way something you've probably got too much of so you don't feel so guilty about somebody else not having enough of it. "Sharing" in a cooperative or socialist society isn't the proof of individual good-heartedness; it's the way things are, because each of us is a small, passing creature in a world which we do not or should not "own." Sharing shouldn't be merely good; it should be just. But if *Noah* grasps that distinction, it doesn't communicate it.

That is *Noah's* major failing. The play exposes the sins of our parents from a religious perspective — which might be okay, except that wasn't the intent. And since one rarely stumbles into success, what emerges is a weak political play rather than an accidentally good religious play.

Noah has it moments. Some of the scenes are genuinely funny. There's plenty of singing, and much of it is spirited and contagious. There is a complete absence of formality. Actors and actresses wander around talking to people, asking them what they think of the play.

The moment of terror for me came at a time when it seemed as if they were going to insist that the audience become "involved" in the "revolution" against Noah. While brothers and sisters are being real-life murdered, beaten, imprisoned, it just doesn't seem right to ask people to dance around on a stage singing "We're gonna build a better world." Fortunately, they didn't insist, and I didn't have to look up-tight by refusing.

The Theatre Company plans to move *Noah* from the University of Houston to Autry House (at the corner of S. Main and Outer Belt). The play will be presented at 9 pm July 2 through July 12 (except Sun July 6). General admission is \$2.50 (students \$1.50). For reservations call 528-6628 or 747-9408.

Dylan's Schizoid Self-Portrait

by Gavan Duffy

Bob Dylan's new double album *SELF PORTRAIT* contains some of the best stuff he's ever done. Some of it, though, isn't worth its weight in wax.

The best cuts are on Side Two. *Woogie Boogie* is a super-funky-fifties instrumental with a down-home rhythm and a big-city sax. *Living the Blues* is far-out too. The Lawrence Welk-refugee female chorus and Pete Drake's orgasmic steel guitar blend with a honky lead guitar and produce a slippery, slinky effect. Also on that side is *Little Sadie*, a hoedown-type song about a fugitive who gets captured. One of the earlier attempts at this song (probably the first attempt) was cut on Side One and called *In Search of Little Sadie*. There sure was a lot of improvement.

Also on Side One is *I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know*, a love lament which has a musical arrangement that sounds as if Dylan plucked it out of a spiritual that he heard sung at the end of the Porter Wagonner Show. It is followed by *Days of 49*, a rompin', stompin', remember-when, drinking song.

Perhaps the wierdest thing to be heard on the album is Dylan crooning Rogers' and Hart's *Blue Moon*. What's even wierder is that he does a fuck of a good job of it too.

The album's bad spots are as numerous as its good ones. Dylan makes a half-assed attempt to sing Paul Simon's *The Boxer*. The "harmony" is a succession of dischords and poor timing. He does *Alberta* twice, at the beginning and at the end of the album. They're both good cuts but they're certainly redundant.

There are four cuts with the Band playing behind Dylan (*Like a Rolling Stone*, *The Mighty Quinn*, *She Belongs to Me*, and *Minstrel Boy*) — presumably from the Isle of Wight concert. They're technically not very good cuts though. The underground releases have a quality almost as good as this "professional" recording, and here again, Dylan is plagued with bad timing.

"Self Portrait" is a very schizophrenic album. The Dr. Jeckyl in Dylan can produce beautiful songs such as *Copper Kettle* and *I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know*, while the Mr. Hyde in him can spew forth garbage like *In Search of Little Sadie* and *The Boxer*.

Then there's the album cover. On the front is Dylan's self portrait, his self-image (ugly Mr. Hyde). But open up your magic dust jacket girls and boys and PRESTO!!! There's our hero, Dr. Jeckyl, cavorting in the studio, on the farm and on stage.

The album really isn't worth the eight dollars that is being charged for it. Rip it off if you don't want to be exploited. (But don't get caught, or you'll be exploited even more.) It should only be a one-disc album anyway, leaving in all the good cuts and throwing the trash out. But as Dylan sings:

"Why must you always try to make me over?
Take me as I am
Or let me go.

White lilies never grow
On stalks of clover
Take me as I am
Or let me go."

Good ole schizoid Dylan.

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CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT?



This begins a new series of questions/answers about the draft. I, the draft counselor, will help you, the perplexed, figure out what the hell is happening selective-service-wise. I will attempt to answer specific questions in full and refer you to more knowledgeable people, like lawyers, experts on certain detailed needs, etc. if you will so direct me in your letters. So send in all your urgent questions to "Draft Questions," c/o Judy Weiser, SPACE CITY, 1217 Wichita. (If you don't, this column will soon die... or at least lose its deferment.)

July Lottery

Q: What's this lottery coming up in July? Do all our numbers change again? What about me — I'll be 18 next month?

A: Nixon's war will grab men as randomly as last year, by the numbers game. All guys over 19 have their numbers from last year's lottery and these are permanent *forever*. If you turn 19 during the 1970 calendar year, your permanent lottery number will be the one drawn in July (1970). It's supposed to be a more random selection, drawing birthdates from one fishbowl and lottery number assignments (1-366) from another. If you are not yet 19, you don't get to participate in the fun and games till next year, though the law requires you to duly register with them.

CO vs 2S

Q: When is the best time to file a Conscientious Objector claim? I have a 2-S now and think I'm a C.O., but shouldn't I wait until my 2-S runs out so they won't call me during school?

A: The sooner the better, because a C.O. is judged on the basis of sincerity, and you don't seem very sincere when you file one day after getting a 1-A notice (or, worse, after an induction notice). As soon as you are certain you want to file, and are fully *prepared* to file (consult a draft counselor, if there's time... *please*), then for ferndock's sake, file the forms. Especially since student deferments may become somewhat harder to get in a year or so... no one knows what may happen next.

But if you are 2-S now and file for and receive your C.O. status, they still must keep you 2-S and not call you for your C.O. alternative service until this deferment runs out. *Because* the law says that you must be placed in the lowest deferment status you qualify for... such as 2-S rather than 1-Y or C.O. status (known as 1-O or 1-A-O). Filing for C.O. requires much thought and planning to get it right, and you must see a draft counselor if at all possible. Also good: send \$1.00 to Handbook For

Conscientious Objectors, Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2016 Walnut St. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 19103. It's almost all you need to know...

Canadian Citizenship

Q: I heard your radio show on Pacifica last week where you discussed Canada as a haven for draft dodgers and deserters. You mentioned something about going there before you're 18 and being safe, but you didn't go into details. What gives?

A: That was because I didn't want to chance the FCC getting down on Pacifica's head for illegal rapping. (Y'see, I can't tell you people *what* to do, cause I don't like the idea of 5 years in a fed prison, but I *can* tell you what the true facts are on some guys I know who have actually done things.) Seems there's this freak who went to Canada and found out from people there that when he did turn 18 he should register for the draft at the U.S. consulate *in Canada*. (Canada is a foreign country...)

There's this deal where anyone out of the country when turning 18 and giving as his *permanent* address a non-U.S. place is put under jurisdiction of local board 100 — and L.B. 100 *does not draft* (no quota at all). Once you return to the States and duly report your change of address to the board (which the law requires all good patriots to do), you will be transferred to a States-side board. If you stay away till you're 26 (thus always with L.B. 100) you don't get taken.

If you do this from Canada you must stand fast about not being able to return to the States to register (they can't actually make you) and be sure to have a Canadian permanent address. This law was originally intended for children of embassy officials, etc... seems to be backfiring a bit according to some friends of mine in France. But you must be living there already when age 18 comes around. Be careful to check this out though, cause there's rumblings Mr. Tarr may try to change this draft policy soon.

More text issue,

July

If you're timid, pull over and let them pass.

Ten Wheel Drive with Genya Ravan comes on heavy in their new album Brief Replies.

There's a line from the first song on this album that pretty much sums it up: "Dig it — I say it's got to feel real." You will. And it is. Ten Wheel Drive's second album is all that you would expect it to be. Hard-driving. Powerful. Emotion-packed. If you heard Ten Wheel's first, Construction #1, you know there's no keeping this big band back. As someone once said while watching them perform, "every time Genya belts it out you know the boys are busting their guts behind her."



BRIEF REPLIES
TEN WHEEL DRIVE

24-4024



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ADVICE TO DOPEB

Remer, for, s, send your questio- about dope to Brian Grant, % Space City!
1217 Wichita, Houston Tx 77004.

I have been threatening for a few weeks to write an article exposing what I consider to be some negative aspects of dope, particularly acid. I love dope, and intend to continue using it until they shoot me or I find something better; but I can see many changes dope has made in my life which I do not like, and I have seen many, many people who have been influenced to a more damaging extent. Thus this article, for what it is worth.

A rational look at dope: Part 1

In order to understand dope, one must first understand the physics and chemistry of consciousness and mankind's understanding of how the brain is still very primitive. The human brain consists of over ten billion cells. Each cell can be tied together with over twenty thousand others directly, and all the others indirectly. This vastly complex matrix is operating at a firing rate of some ten billion impulses per second. Already the possibilities or permutations and combinations are beyond the astronomical, and recent research tends to indicate that storage and retrieval in the brain operates wholistically rather than discretely: each cell, in a sense, contains the total content of the mind!

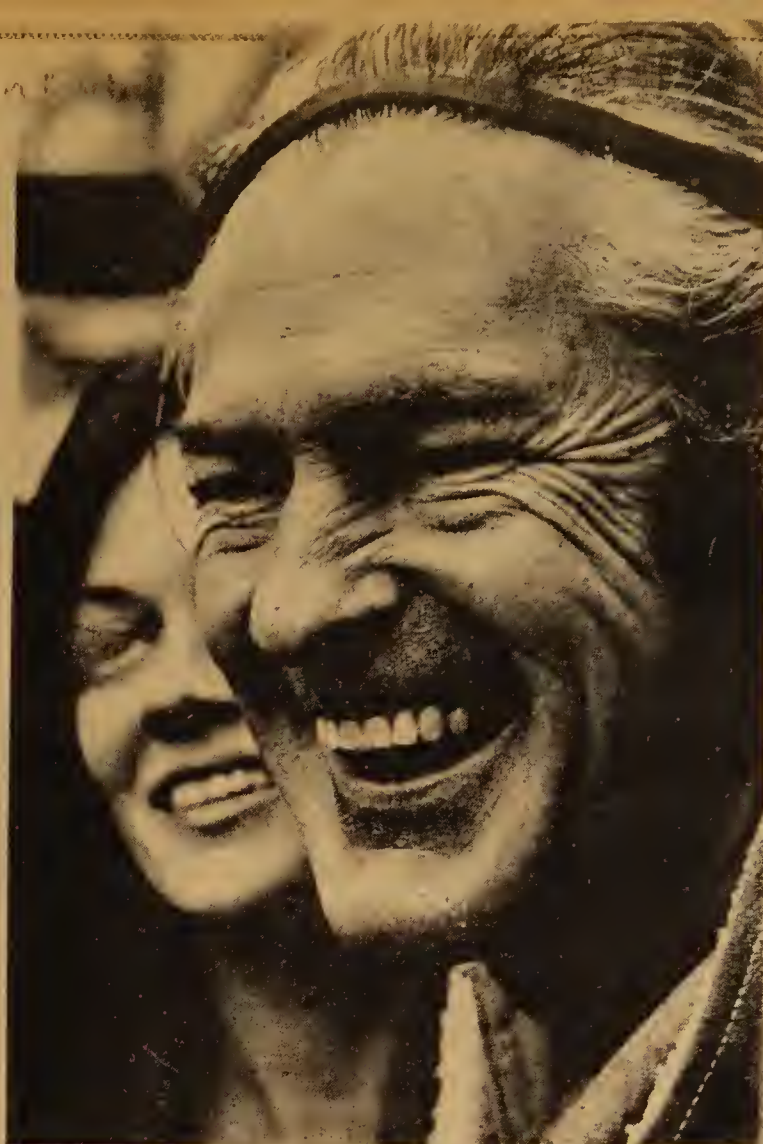
Out of this staggering complexity, science has groped its way to a few insights. Consciousness is believed to be a purely electrochemical phenomenon. Normally, the nerve cell in the cerebral cortex relieves and discharges signals through channels called synapses. The body manufactures highly specific chemicals and enzymes to regulate the receptivity of synaptic channels to facilitate memory, associations, thinking or whatever one wishes to call the process of awareness. When an impulse reaches a brain cell, it causes the cell to release a "transmitter" chemical at the synapse site; according to the coding of the impulse, the chemical released may be excitatory or inhibitory.

Nor-adrenalin is an example of an excitatory transmitter, serotonin and acetylcholine are inhibitory ones. When the impulse is coded in such a way as to excite the nerve, the nor-adrenalin "primes" the synapse to allow the nerve cell to emit an impulse of its own, otherwise the inhibitors shut down the cell and leave it at rest. For this reason, the brain is able to think in categories and exploit shortcuts to associations. This made possible logical thinking, efficient retrieval of memory, and in short, survival: the brain works the way it does because over the long haul of evolution, creatures with less effective brains tended to die out.

But efficient, pragmatic, categorical intelligence has its drawbacks. Our brains organize experience to simplify. We cannot help generalizing, polarizing, abstracting and, in short, impoverishing our experience. As Man ages, his mind all too often becomes increasingly rigid and insensitive to new awareness. Perceptual and cognitive filters cut down on distractions and confusion, enabling Man to function more effectively; but they also cut out the vast bulk of the perceptions and cognitions possible to the human mind. This is where "transcendent experience" comes in.

Man discovered long ago that he could induce a state of mind which offered him a vivid, fresh, magical kind of experience. Some cultures have employed physical disciplines such as fasting, ritual chants, self flagellation, staring at the Sun, yoga and the like; other people have discovered various of the thousands of plants and herbs which produce similar changes in the human nervous system. Usually, these people surrounded the altered state of consciousness with religious implications; Gautma meditation in the forest, the fasting Christ, the chants and torments of psychedelic Medieval monks, the peyote ceremonies of the Native American Church, and so forth. More recently, altered states of consciousness have come to be regarded as recreation by millions of weekend acid-heads, although many report an impression of holy or mystical feelings during a trip, even when they had not expected it.

LSD is molecularly similar to a family of brain chemicals. One prevalent theory for its functioning postulates that LSD replaces serotonin at the synapse. This means that even though the coding of the neural impulse calls for inhibition, the inhibitor is not produced: instead the cell presents LSD, a stimulant. Thus categories are scrambled, codes for retrieval are suspended, meanings are con-



Timothy Leary.

Photo by Alan Copeland/photon west/LNS.

nected randomly to words and concepts. A preposterous, simple idea will seem overwhelmingly important and real. On the other hand, the breakdown of categories and mundane progressions of thought sometimes enables the mind to reach fresh, original insights and logical leaps of tremendous value.

But all this is not entirely without cost.

On this intriguing note, I must leave you until next issue: it is time for the Traffic concert.

Hearing in Texas

Support Leary!

Tim Leary has been in prison for months now. He's been refused bail time after time because if he were free he'd be a danger to society.

The only chance Leary has left open to him to get out of that hole in California will come in Houston or Austin sometime this summer — probably within the next couple of weeks. Leary has been granted a hearing in Judge Ben Connally's court. That hearing will decide whether the father of the acid movement will be "allowed" out on bail.

The date for the hearing hasn't been set. As soon as it is, the word will be spread around the country by the Leary Defense Committee, which calls itself "Holding Together." The group plans to get as many people to the hearing as possible. The Hog Farm has already said they will be here.

We in Houston must get our end of it together. A lot of people feel we have let Leary down. Many feel we have gone past him and onto another level. All of these may be true, but we should all remember who it was that turned on many people to acid and a whole new way of looking at ourselves and the world. Ken Kesey gives Leary all the credit.

Now it's our turn, right here in up-tight Houston, to show we know who Tim Leary is and what he's done. He is a danger to society — theirs, not ours.

The people coming in from all over the country will need a place to camp. It needs to be private property so the cops can't just walk right in. Camping land is the most urgent. If you have land, know someone who will let their land be used, or have any other suggestions, call Don or Pam at 521-0002.

This was written at press time, so details are few. We'll have more in the next issue.

— Don Gardner

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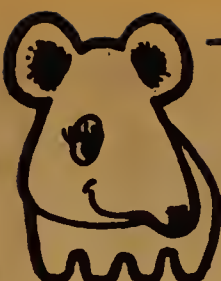
switchboard

With a little help from our friends SWITCHBOARD should be a working reality in a matter of a few short weeks. Our main problem has been overcome — the phones will be in July 3.

At first our files will not contain all that we will eventually want in them. Try to understand this if you call in and we can't exactly tell you what you want to know. It will just take time to get our files set up. You can also help make our files better by calling in any information that you think should be there.

Last but not least, we would like to thank the people that have made SWITCHBOARD possible. We have come a long way these past few weeks, but there is still much work to be done. If you would like to work on SWITCHBOARD or feel that you have something to offer, feel free to call us or come by the office at 1217 Wichita.

call: 522-9769
HOUSTON SWITCHBOARD



food co-op

The fledgling Houston food-co-op had its first encounter with the world-at-large and Amerika specifically about a week ago, and the general consensus of the people involved is that the food club got fucked.

In an attempt to spread the word about what we at food-co-op feel is a good thing we made the mistake of granting an interview to a reporter from a local "newspaper" (not Space City!) who seemed friendly enough at the time.

When the story hit the papers it was under a headline referring to "starving hippies," which in itself was bad enough considering more of our members have short hair than long and we have among us dentists, lawyers, architects, professors and a lot

of hard working people.

In the story quotes were used lavishly, which is remarkable when few notes were taken and those consisted mostly of single words and phrases. Quotes naturally came out sounding a little different in word and a lot different in meaning from the original statements.

Upon trying to deal with the great Amerikan "newspaper" we found little could be done to rectify the situation, and it could conceivably be made worse by attempts to do so. People have already been upset by what's been printed and some have been needlessly harrassed.

We've decided to bind our wounds and consider this a lesson well learned, but we hope any of you who find yourself encountering Amerika make sure it's on your terms or better yet blow off the honors they would shower you with as it may turn out to be a shower of abuse or even stones.

Stick to people you can TRUST.

Right On! !
Linda Eubanks
Houston food-co-op

survive

free bees

We're planning on trying an idea here in Houston that has been successful and unsuccessful when tried in various other places. The idea is to get some large boxes and mark "FREE" on them and put them in easy-to-get-to places around town.

Now you may ask who wants an empty box even if it is free, but that's because you haven't heard the whole idea.

Next you get the good local people to put things into the box. What, you say, I thought this idea was free. Well it is. Read On! Into the boxes go all the old things you would probably throw away were it not for these ingenious boxes. Old clothes, old dishes, old cooking utensils, old nic-naks and ashtrays go willingly into these happy little boxes.

You still don't see where the free comes in do you? Well here it is — when people need some-

thing they merely take it out of the box! The boxes have no maintenance overhead, and it's no skin off anybody's nose if something they're going to throw out anyway is of value to someone else, so why charge even the small fee tacked on by Goodwill and other establishment organizations.

There are a few details before this marvelous plan for defeating over-consumerism can go into effect. We need large sturdy (preferably wood or metal) boxes and places to locate these boxes. If you can't help in that area, then at least start gathering up the things you could pitch-in. We'll let you know where locations are as soon as we get some.

If you can help us with boxes or locations or if you'd like to help pick up stuff from people without wheels, please contact Space City!

— Linda Eubanks



CAT MOTHER COMMUNE.

This is Cat Mother and all the newsboys (and girls). They live together. They play together. They sing together. They write and arrange all their own music together. It's this totality of experience that makes Cat Mother the cohesive group that it is. The songs are hip and topical. On what's going down today. The sounds are a blend of rock and country with funky fiddle in between. After knowing them from their first smash album on Polydor (remember "Good Old Rock and Roll?") you will love them on their second: *Albion Doo-Wah*.



ALBION DOO-WAH
CAT MOTHER AND THE ALL NIGHT NEWSBOYS

polydor

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Family Hand: Some Changes



The Family Hand's new beer garden.

Photo by Thorne Dreyer.

Troubles and changes at the Family Hand Restaurant. A firebombing last week, and continuous internal problems. The internal problems are, well; look at it his way. Here's a restaurant which consciously sees itself as a place where people can come together, which tries to avoid the old owner/employee pitfalls which characterize most businesses. With a scene like this, people can use it, dig on it, grow with

it; or they can misuse it and destroy it. There was too much of the latter going on at the Hand.

There were people dealing dope there, doing dope there, setting out the sugar that brought in narcs like flies. Some groups were using the Hand as a feuding ground. It ought to be obvious (but apparently wasn't) that if fighting like that has to be done, it should

be done where it doesn't endanger the rest of the community. Most any night found an assortment of runaways at the restaurant. That's not their fault; they have to go somewhere. But it does underscore an immediate community need: a means for helping runaways that doesn't set up people for criminal charges.

Those problems, and others like them, are mainly the facts of life in a community that isn't yet together enough to deal responsibly with its problems. That's changing, but it takes time and a lot of hard work.

Saturday morning, June 20, the Hand workers met to discuss the situation. The only possible solution, short of closing the restaurant, seemed to be eliminating the late evening hours. So it's done. The Hand's new hours are Monday through Saturday 7 a.m. to 8 p.m., Sunday 1 p.m. to 8 p.m. The new hours will place more emphasis on the restaurant function. For

instance, George Banks can now make flapjacks (which he swears have the same chemical breakdown as mes-caline) for early-morning breakfasters.

The firebombing. Not much is known, except that at 2:40 a.m. Wednesday, June 24 someone tossed two Molotovs at the front of the building, breaking one window and causing minor damage to the exterior walls.

Expansions. Fresh Eggs has just opened — an adjoining store selling things like baked goods from the kitchen, brown rice, sea salt, raw sugar, second hand furniture and clothes, and... fresh eggs.

The new beer garden, not yet completed, but functioning for several weeks now, is a good place for lunch, for an evening's beer and talking, or for just sitting. Movies have been shown there several evenings.

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The Boys in the Band

by James M. Yeager

There is a white poodle in *The Boys in the Band*, which is up to expectations. The movie is one in which all the characters but one are homosexual males, which is fairly common knowledge. There is a predictable amount of hostile smiles and bright bitterness, though it is larger and better drafted than that ordinarily on tap at "straight" parties. There is even a teary, gutty, heartfelt moral, spoken by Michael (Kenneth Nelson), the brittle, brilliantly dressed character one associates with a better class of

men's clothing stores. He sobs, "If only we didn't hate ourselves so much!"

Fortunately, the filmmaker's discernment is deeper than his characters'. As a conclusion to a birthday party in which six psyches are wrenched by a rainstorm, a deadly party game involving the telephone, liquor, grass and well-placed flicks of the lash — both verbal and eye — the statement quoted above is sadly deficient. It is like confusing the tracks of Man 'O War with those of a Shetland pony.

The alleged honoree describes himself at one point as "a fat, aging, pock-marked Jew fairy." He is played by Leonard Frey, and, as with most of the characters as well as with most of the world, he overstates his disabilities and omits mention of his advantages. Frey gives the character of Harold a chillingly effective reading: so much curdled wit, soured intelligence and muted rage in one package is fearful to behold, difficult to put across and worthy of awed admiration for the acting involved. In Harold's icy self-distaste one sees both the springs of humor and the effluvia of guilt, and thus has a microcosm of the entire picture.

The story is built around the events of Harold's birthday party, which takes place in Michael's furiously knick-knacked apartment. One can tell already that this is one of those movies in which there is a direct relation between the amount of alcohol drunk and the quantity of spite disguised as "truth" released. The movie is constructed like an onion: as layer after layer of skin is peeled off, one gets closer to the center, and the peeler is drenched with tears. But if ever the center is reached, it is discovered that there is nothing left, and that the tears are somewhat spurious. They result from having engaged in the process, rather than from any intrinsic, random sensitivity. The "nothing"

that is left can only be expressed in some banality such as Michael's line, or a tepid image such as a rain-soaked terrace covered with soggy decorations and broken glass.

The lives most of these men lead are filled with middle-class comforts, surrounded by marginal objects, tarnished with guilt; their party is a standard cocktail party, except for the greater gloss of their conversation and the fact of their homosexuality. In other words, homosexuality is being used as a filter. Because one watches more carefully, looking for differences in motivation between these characters and "straights," one notices perforce that similarities outnumber them. The popular veneer on homosexuals — that they are more unbalanced, less normal, completely different than straight people — is done a satisfactory amount of damage.

These men live a sex-controlled lifestyle, as do many straights of a certain income group, background and level of intelligence. It is just more obvious when homosexuals do it. We are forced

to recognize how contrived our actions are when we see others with a different — but equally well worked-out — set of mechanisms. As Cliff Gorman, who plays the flittiest of the characters — it's his white poodle — says, "You don't have to be gay to be wanton." That is at least two puns, and both are applicable.

Alan (Peter White) is Michael's former college roommate, who drops unexpectedly into the middle of all this and is forcibly enlightened about his good friend. His troubles with his wife — only hinted at — are shown as analogous to those experienced by the couple in the movie who live together.

Thus while neither the theme nor the presentation are particularly stunning, they result in more than sociological insights. Six-handed George and Martha between homosexuals, even if more blatantly done than in Albee's *Virginia Woolf*, is not the most comforting game to watch, nor the most productive. But it can't be kibitzed. You play too, straight or not.

one more time...

by Dana Gillespie / *Come Out* (the newspaper of New York City's Gay Liberation Front.)

I can't get over the abundance of guilt and anxiety expressed in *The Boys in the Band*. It's terribly depressing. But I'm part of the oppressed minority it ridicules and the story is not meant for my enjoyment anyway. It's for suburbia; for mid-America; for the Upper East Side Swingers. I can picture them at the Cine-Malibu-Eros-Embassy-East Theatre on Third Avenue and 58th Street having all their conceptions of gay life confirmed. They suck up all that limp-wristed, swishy, Hairdresser-Interior Decorator bullshit as gospel and get their laffs as well.

Crowley presents homosexuals as security-starved people with a sort of revulsion for their own way of life. Revulsion and tremendous guilt. It takes shape in Michael in the form of the icks. Many homosexuals suffer from incapacitating feelings of shame, guilt, bitterness, and self-hatred. Some are unconsciously driven to destroy themselves. That's some, certainly nothing of any appreciable size. Crowley paints a distorted picture. Every one of the characters is screwed up somehow. If it's not a shrink, it's pills, or liquor, or some similar crutch. They're portrayed as emotional cripples. Tragic-comedy?

Homosexuals have it instilled in them. They're sick. Evil, criminal, sinful. Sinful — there's a good one. You're fourteen years old and you've just gone down on a friend. As you walk home alone through dank, dismal back streets, you turn things over in your mind. You remember what Father O'Hoolihan said last Sunday, and especially what your old lady's been drumming into your head since the year one. All that fire and brimstone shit. You can visualize thunder and lightning and the Virgin Mary descending from heaven in a flaming chariot. It's pretty gruesome. How can you adjust to your homosexuality with such oppressive attitudes all around you, and now, after this play reinforces?

Gay Liberation Camp In Planned

SAN FRANCISCO — The U.S. government is trying to deny the right of assembly to gay liberationists on the West Coast.

Permission for a Gay-Lib Camp-In, scheduled for July 4-12 in Sequoia National Forest, was revoked by the U.S. Forest Service because "we have learned your organization intends to use these areas for a prolonged encampment during which various activities of an indecent nature will take place."

Gays see this as a discriminatory act against a certain group of citizens — homosexuals. Millions of heterosexuals make it all over national forest every year, but the government takes no action against them.

The Camp-In Committee is attempting to get a court injunction against U.S. Forest Service for this unlawful denial of the constitutional right of assembly and of the equal protection of the laws.

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NEW LLANO...

Cont. from 13

said they had a good time there. She remembered an old man from the colony who sold vegetables in the black community.

A guy whose half-brother is doing a Master's thesis on Newllano said his mother was frightened by the place when she visited there. The people were so peculiar.

A 1970 high school grad ("I was president of the history club.") was, as everyone else, very willing to talk about Newllano.

"My great-grandfather owned the land there before the lumber company bought it. My grandfather lived near there and moved when the colony first came, in order to get away from it. Later, he traded with them, and got a little of the land after it folded because of some money the colony owed him for cows. My house is on that 20 acres. Yeah, most of them weren't religious. There was a church there when they first came and they turned it into a tomato cannery."

One of the librarians told Sue that the people were peculiar, but for the most part, friendly and pleasant. They were socialist and atheist and she didn't like that, but they were very cultured, even had a librarian with a library science degree. They had 5,000 volumes in the library (an unbalanced selection in favor of socialist and radical literature), an orchestra and dances, very cultural. She remembered when the family of Mr. Ginsberg, a colonist from New York, rode all the way down here in a chauffeured limousine to try to persuade him to come home. But he wouldn't go.

After leaving the Leesville library, we went out to Newllano to try to find some former colonists. Bill Brow, about 50, came around to the front door when he heard the knock, we told him what we were interested in, and he started. His father brought the family down from Massachusetts, but didn't like their house because of its crudeness and didn't like Pickett's leadership. They stayed on, however, and Bill Brow grew up in the colony.

He spoke of the school which at times had very good teachers. They would work half a day and go to school the other half. ("We worked," not like kids today.") He has fond memories, of working hard, of swimming, especially of the dances. They were fast, he said; "You could enjoy it just by watching."

"We had a good time. It was hard at times, but during the Depression, we lived better than the people around us. We didn't use any money. What do you need money for anyway? You don't need it except for a few luxuries. We had all we needed right here in the colony for free — a machine shop, tailor, ice plant, everything. The only things we needed from the outside were diesel fuel for the generator and salt. We were independent, had people with all kinds of skills. One could make anything out of wood, another one could make anything out of metal. The main reason it failed was that too many old people came who couldn't contribute their share.

"It could happen again. Well, look at those young people going to Cuba and working, females too. There are still people who are willing to try things, men and women. Yes, I'd do it again if it were organized right, sure would."

On The Verge Of Fascism

We found 69 year-old Mr. Peacher in his electric shop back behind the house. His words were sharp and sometimes bitter. He spoke about capitalism, war, etc, but not much about the colony. He assured us that first there was feudalism, then came capitalism ("just a modified feudalism"), and next will come fascism.

"We're on the verge of that now. Very soon there will be a big depression, too, there's no other way. The reason the capitalists keep the war going is that they know the economy would collapse if all those men came home and were put in the labor pool. The economy in this country depends on war and moonshots to use up the materials produced.

"I've got nothing against religion itself, but it's like cobwebs in the mind. Well, if you've got a bucket filled up with rocks, there's not room for anything else. Why, if Jesus Christ were to walk down these streets of Leesville today, he would be arrested and thrown in jail. No, there weren't any Negroes in the colony. We would have been burned out. Young people today shouldn't be so violent; they should study socialism. My father used to tell me when we were working out in the fields that with capitalism a few people own everything, but with socialism, all the people own the means of production and the product. In the colony it was under-



Chester Peacher, stalwart colonist.
Photo by Cam Duncan.

stood that we could have our private religious and political beliefs, but the main emphasis was upon being able to cooperate. If it was organized right, I would join a colony again, yessir."

Cam was able to take his picture with a little persuasion, and we soon got in the car and drove back to Houston. It was odd leaving that little place over there and driving back here to the Big City which has little sense of its past. The people there had been so open to us, so involved in their past, and wanted us to be also. Mr. Kapotsy, Mr. Brow and Mr. Peacher were so ready to share with us their experiences in the colony. In fact, all three seemed to have a hard time stopping when we told them we had to go.

I've read of other people who lived in the colony, but are gone now. Cuno, the colonist philosopher, who had met Marx and Engels, walked around the colony in flowing white robes, gave talks using Bertrand Russell as a text and felt that love was the powerful, positive force in the universe. Ester Allen, the colony nurse, whose devotion to Llano was unlike. Harry Weatherwax, a former Communist Party organizer who, when he married, asked for a divorce coupon when buying his license and wrote "red" for his color. There were hundreds of others.

But Llano Colony failed. It failed for a number of reasons. There was always strife over Pickett's management. There was too much expansion, such as ill-planned attempts to set up satellite colonies in South Louisiana, Texas and New Mexico. More money was lost because of a lack of interest in agriculture in favor of adventures like oil exploration. The colony was always in debt and finally, after a "rebellion" in 1935 by anti-Pickett forces and a steady decline afterwards, the colony went into receivership in 1938. In 1970 there are still 7,400 acres which are owned by those who have stock in the Llano del Rio Company.

continued on 22,



Cont. from 3

For the rest of the evening, bitter at that defeat, people were less restrained in their actions towards the cops. The race was a formal notice of escalation. Every door opening elicited a barrage of whatever debris people could lay their hands on. People were fighting for something they felt was theirs: the music, the right to be together inside that building. At two or three times sizable numbers of people made it through the double set of doors, running and swinging. A few were caught and returned to the battle outside. Most who made it all the way in stayed there, some continuing the fight to open more doors.

Inside people were running defense for hotly pursued gate crashers. One UH security pig, who has revealed his disproportionate sense of duty in the past, drew his gun on a circle of about 40 people coming to the aid of a freebie.

As Traffic began their second number, the promoters relented, and the crowd surged in, cheering, fists high. There was a roar of welcome and victory from the nearest sections of the auditorium, but probably most of the people inside had little or no idea of what had been happening for three hours outside.

Sadly, Traffic without Dave Mason wasn't worth the effort. After a taste of their thing many folks left. Mountain's performance (so I'm told) was by far the evening's high point. But the effort was worth the effort — and may be significant if the University of Houston is indeed to be closed to rock concerts now.

The dilemma is identical to the other problems we face in this country. Something that ought to be ours — everyone's — is owned and sold by a few people. Rock music, like the rest of our culture, grows from a million roots. In the places where it seems to reach its fullest expression, it is bought (placed under contract) and sold like underwear at Sears. This process commercializes and isolates the bands, the music and the "audience" (who would ideally be participants in the music, not merely spectators).

People here suffer from a sort of inverse provincialism. They'll pay absurd prices (or riot) to hear most any big national name, but will hardly drive around the corner to support local groups which may often be just as good (or at least deserve the chance to become so).

That means that unless you can bring in the stars every weekend (which nobody can pull off), you can't afford to keep a big enough place to pull in name groups any weekend. Which leaves the control in the hands of big promoters who can afford once a month rip-offs at Hayes (Hofheinz) or the Colliseum.

A place of our own would mean that we would have to pay bands, rent, utilities, some advertising; reasonable salaries to people to manage the place and a few other things like that. But if people supported the place consistently, we wouldn't need to pay the prices we do now; we could be flexible in admitting people for little or no money (maybe in exchange for work or other commodities); and we wouldn't need an armed guard to protect us from ourselves.

That's all gonna mean people getting their shit together, giving as well as taking. The Switchboard is starting this week. A good project might be to use them to place interested people in touch with one another towards the end of getting a place of our own.

We need to regain control of our culture. Liberate the Pavilion (or get our own place). Support our local bands, who now most often find their subsistence and sympathy in the arms of a buck-hungry agent. Don't watch the world, build it. Create what needs to be created; destroy the old forms which restrict us. *Now*, because tomorrow they may have you under contract. *Do it!*

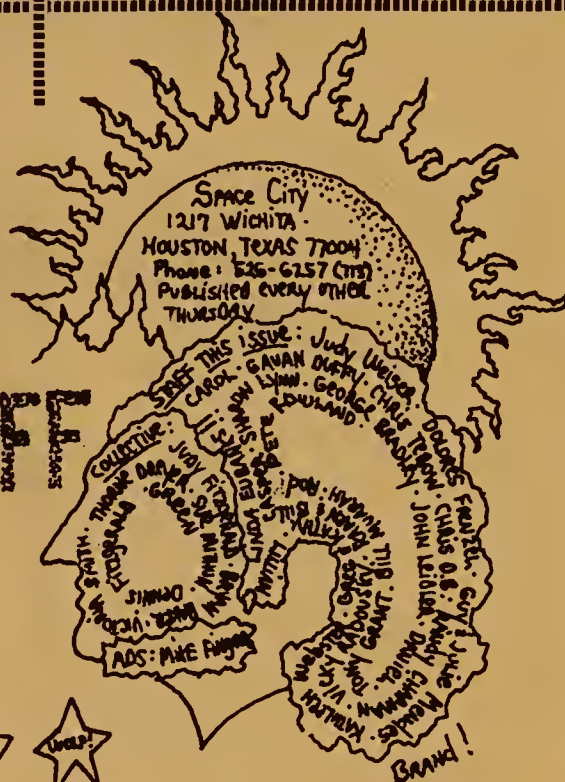
Cont. from 21

Some of the buildings are still there. While there, I walked through the deteriorated old hotel and the single women's apartment building, being careful of rotted planks and holes in the floor. I talked with an eccentric old bachelor who lived in the single men's apartment building with his monkey, Chee-Chee. He collects and sells the junk metal which is scattered all over the yard. Somebody lives in the two-story library building, and apartments in the unpainted old apartment-hotel are still rented out.

But Llano Colony is dying. ("They ought to tear down these old buildings," said one Newllano citizen.) You can barely read the words now, "Llano Colony Co-op Warehouse," written on that building. In not too many years there will be no colonists left around the little town for us to talk to, and all signs of Llano will be gone.

But, if you go there soon and walk through those old buildings with their lost memories and you are sad, or if you are sometimes despairing of the stagnancy in our world, with its stubbornness against change, just follow the bouncing ball and sing this verse of an old colony song:

"Let's demand a year of Jubilee to make all people free,
Money slavery abolish for all eternity
The Golden Rule be practice of all humanity,
For Llano's marching on."



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ROCK

CRESCENCE CLEARWATER Revival - July 11, 8 pm at Hayes (Hofheinz) Pavilion... perhaps the last rock concert in Hofheinz. See you there

DAY OF JOY - one day rock festival July 19 from 10 am to midnight. Tickets \$6 in advance (228-0006), \$7 at door - at the Alameda Speedway south of Houston. With Big Brother, Z.Z. Top, Buddy Miles & many more.

PROCOL HARUM at the Coliseum on July 26.

RITCHIE HAVENS (rumored coming soon).

LIGHTNING HOPKINS plays a blues concert at the Jewish Community Center on Sunday July 12.

Folks interested in a caravan heading for the Atlanta Pop Festival meet on the Hill at Hermann Park on Thursday at 4 pm

"Someplace Coffee House" at 1800 Sul Ross in St. Steven's Episcopal Church is open every Sunday 7-10 pm with FREE music, coffee & singing. On Sun July 5 a prize-winning surrealist film, "Chromophobia," will be shown. (528-0681)

Every other Sunday at Milby Park there are live mini-concerts. In-between Sundays there is stereo music.

OUTS

For information on the garbage dump protests on Alameda-Genoa Rd last week call 433-2489.

Socialist Workers Party legislative candidates from Calif., Froben Lozada and Antonio Camejo, will be in Houston July 4-6, and will conduct a workshop at UH on Monday July 6 at a time to be announced. Info: 522-4215.

WOMEN'S LIBERATION at UH holds weekly discussions at the University Center Thursdays at 7:30 pm (for more info call Lee Hucherson at 664-1682):
 July 9 Stereotypes of Women
 July 10 Women and the Family
 July 23 Women & the law: Women as Perpetual Minors

Houston Socialist Summer School, Fridays, San Jacinto Rm, UH, 8 pm, FREE.
 July 3 Women's Liberation
 July 10 The Theory of a Permanent Revolution
 July 17 A Critical Analysis of the Bolshevik Revolution

Monthly meeting of the Houston Committee to End the War - July 3 at 7:30 pm at the YWCA, 1521 Texas.

PEOPLE: Its up to you to get the word of 'happenings' out to others: Send items for FREE listings to SPACE CITY at 1217 Wichita, Houston 77004. Or call 526-6257;

SPACE CITY

LA RAZA UNIDA Conference in Austin, 9 am Saturday July 11 - City Auditorium at East Riverside Dr & 1st St. Free workshops on Chicano unions, High School walkouts and dropouts, Vietnam & the draft, Chicano women in the Movement, etc. Invited speakers include Cesar Chavez, Jose Angel Gutierrez and Mrs Elena Hernandez. For transportation call 225-4300 in Houston.

University of Houston Film Series, Library Auditorium, Fridays at 8 pm, \$.50.

July 3 MASCULIN-FEMININ (France, Godard)

Jewish Community Center Films, Sundays & Wednesdays at 8 pm, 5601 S. Braeswood, \$1.75 (729-3200):

July 5 THE SECRET CEREMONY

July 8 THIEF OF BAGDAD

July 15 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

July 19 A THOUSAND CLOWNS

July 22 SON OF THE SHEIK

Alley Theatre Second Summer FILM FESTIVAL:

"Through A Glass Darkly" (Bergman)

July 4, 7:30 and 9:30 pm

July 5, 7:30 pm

"La Ronde" (Max Ophuls)

July 7 & 8, 8:30 pm

"Jules and Jim" (Francois Truffaut)

July 9, 8:30 pm

July 10, 7:30 and 9:30 pm

"Orpheus" (Jean Cocteau)

July 11, 7:30 and 9:30 pm

July 12, 7:30 pm

"Monika" (Bergman)

July 14 & 15, 8:30 pm

"Witchcraft Through the Ages" (Christensen)

July 16, 8:30 pm

July 17, 7:30 and 9:30 pm

"The Blue Angel" (Von Sternberg)

MONIKA

PACIFICA - KPFT-FM RADIO - 90.1

Mondays at 8 pm: MEDIA - who owns the media and how they use it.

Tuesdays at 7:30 pm: Notes on the Vietnam Conflict - histories and analysis.

Wednesdays at 8 pm: ECOLOGY

Thursdays at 7:30 pm: The Voice of Hope.
 8 pm : LIFESTYLE

Fridays at 7:30 pm: The Space City! Collective Show!
 8 pm : POWER in Houston.

Friday

July 10, 9am: The Culture of Poverty.

July 10, 9am: The Culture of Poverty.

July 17, 9 am: Women's Liberation in the French Revolution

July 24, 9 am: The Non-Authoritarian Teaching Series, today with John Holt.

Saturday

July 11, 7 pm: The Rolling Stones Revisited

July 18, 7pm : Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young

KBNO-FM stereo 94

The Top 100 of the Sixties, beginning 6 pm July 3, second half to be aired July 4 from noon to 6 pm.

TUBE

July 5, 5 pm, Ch 2: Ideas in Focus - "Are Black Studies Here to Stay?" with Rev. Bill Lawson and others.

July 6, 8 pm, Ch 8: Viewpoint - Laos, with Fr M.J. Menger, the first American priest to be a missionary in Laos. He spent 14 years in the Asian country with the worst illiteracy rate and lowest annual income.

July 7, 6:30 pm, Ch 8: Speaking Freely - with David Ben Gurion, for many years Prime Minister of Israel.

July 7, 8 pm, Ch 8: "The Monterey Jazz Festival"

July 12, 5 pm, Ch 2: Ideas In Focus - "How do we de-fuse the population bomb?"

July 16, 6:30 pm, Ch 2: "MIGRANT: Life as a Migrant worker in Florida."

"It's Your World, Noah" will be presented by the theatre Co. on June 2-5 and 7-12 at 9 pm at Autry House (747-9408 for reservations, or 528-6628).

"Jack and the Beanstalk" repeats at the Houston Music Theater (771-3851) beginning Sat July 11 at 2 pm and playing Sat matinees through July. \$2-\$1.

Switchboard : 522-9769

Need a ride to Palm Springs or L.A. Calif. any time. Call Sharon, 465-6810.

One day bus-driving job. June 9 - chauffeur's license needed. Larkin St. Community Center, 5410 Larkin, 869-5167, ask for Tim Hardy.

Johnny L. please call Robbie.

Gary Blackwell is in the hospital. Steal flowers and send them to him.

How to sue the police is the subject of an important article by two San Francisco Bay Area attorneys. "Police Misconduct Litigation," by Ann Fagan Ginger and Louis H. Bell, is now available in book form, \$2 for a single copy plus 80 cents for air mail postage. Send to: Publications, Box 673, Berkeley CA 94701.

Chick desperately needs ride to Calif. Will split gas and driving, 748-1576 Nancy.

Piano for sale: Oak upright, excellent cond, must sell, around \$135. 526-2206.

Pet Mice, all colors & spotted, 25 cents each. Rice Univ. area. 664-1838.

Leaving for Calif. July 2-5. Want two female riders to share gas (about \$15 each). Call Bill, 521-9917.

Tired of male stereotypes, male fantasies, a male power structure? Subscribe to APHRA, first feminist literary magazine. Spring Issue, *The Woman as Artist*, now ready. One year's subscription (4 issues) - \$3.50. Send check or money order to APHRA, Box 355, Springtown, Pa. 18081.

This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarias. Aquarian meditation has answers. Learn the truth of life - join us every Sunday at 11 am, World Trade Bldg Aud, Texas at Crawford.

Good car, '60 Studebaker wagon, \$75. 633-6342.

Two Baldwin exterminator amps, like new, 200 watt peak, 6 speakers, call Cal at 748-7385.

10-speed Raleigh racing bike, rocking chair, Dutch oven, record rack, all for sale. Call Bill, 668-4536.

Space City! needs distributor to deliver on north side - about one day of driving every two weeks. Small commission if needed. Call us at 526-6257.

Thanks to Mike Gilfix and Pat Lamb for donating needed equipment. Space City! now needs an adding machine. To fight the sweltering summer doldrums, we want to find a kindly soul with a swimming pool who would welcome a troupe of hairy Space-folks for a swim a couple of times a week - we have our own water-wings.

A new resource packet of up-to-date information on the Cuban Revolution is now available. Entitled "Cuba: 100 years of Struggle," it contains selected writings of Fidel and Che, a statistical study of Cuba, contemporary Cuban poetry, plus articles on Cuban women, the Church & the Revolution, and a series of historical documents. The packet is available for \$2 (bulk rates available) from Cuba Packet 10A, Church Center for the United Nations, 777 UN Plaza, NY, NY 10017.

Houston SWITCHBOARD begins July 3. We need office equipment (desks, chairs couch, air conditioner, fans) if we are to provide efficient 24-hour service.

Garage & Open House Sale! July 1-10, 10 am-8 pm at 2201 33rd in Galveston. Paintings, clothing, art supplies, furniture, household items, appliances, toys & books.

FREE to good home: a much-loved (& lovely) bright RED 1950 Buick fastback Needs battery & license & a friend. Call 522-9137 evenings till 10.

Anyone with 8-track stereo tapes for sale, contact Ian at the Grass Hut, 522-2571, 2368 Rice Blvd.

Wish to meet informed revolutionary member of new left. 622-3149, Burch Downman Jr.

A variety of publications on civil liberties, draft law & other topics is available from the National Lawyers Guild Publications. For free price list write: Publications, Box 673, Berkeley CA 94701.

Houston area students: Know what's going on in your schools! Subscribe to Houston's leading student newspaper, *The Houston Student Dispatch*. Send \$2 to HSD, 3011 Locke Ln, Houston 77019 for year's sub. If you wish to write for Dispatch, call 529-5649.

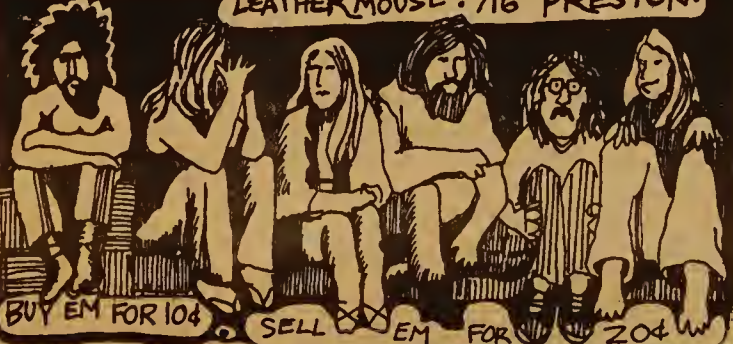
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FREE TO FOLKS (for now)

Space City! doesn't accept "sex ads". We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of human sexuality, especially that of women. (Not all of them are exploitative, of course, but we don't know any simple guidelines for determining which are and which aren't, and we don't have the time or energy to debate every ad.)

THEM FABULOUS FURRY KREOL BRUTHERZ

